

CONTENTANT

POEMS BY
WILLIAM COWPER



POEMS

BY

WILLIAM COWPER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
ALICE MEYNELL

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evince" to convey" to peruse" did not protect him. He suffered as much as reason could endure watil recome could endure at more. He underwest the extremity and passed through the narrow door of conscious despair into the dreadful liberty of the in same and as croilised man suffers conscrously in words (as he thinks in words) Cowper suffered all things in the most modern and the politest. If e are sometimes tempted to think that eightsenth century English was able to keep the more urgent emotions at arm s length but we know that grief did reach to the Irong centre of Conper's heart for it finally destroyed him In the case of the lines on his mother's

puture it is not by this exterior proof to be found in his history that we know of the pang in the poem. We are gware of it in thi lines their moderate and gentle phease con veys it how we are so touched so moved and so convinced we hardly know But through the following changes of the lawguage of English poetry—the real reform the new life the exaggeration the Teutonism the tatters the destruction the reconstruction the violence the defeat-Comper to treit for his mother and for the past speaks a longul that no man can at any time misinterpret? and to doubtless it will be when our English is undergoing phases that we do not now foresee

Cowper would doubtless have been continuously a better poet in an age less well satisfied than was his with good commonplace, "polished" As it is, we have nothing else throughout his works that touches the beauty of the poem already named and the vigour of the "Boadicea" Here and there, besides, we find a moment of original thought and feeling, as when he has the courage to look at the hero in the light of morals and intellect, and to speak of his puny hands. Rarely his line has a higher nobility—something more than the dignity to which he not seldom rises as where he names

"The unambiguous footsteps of a God"

The poet of this one line might have been consistently great. The once popular rhetorical passage, beginning "Slaves cannot breathe in England", is far less significant of Cowper's peculiar power

Cowper's life is the history of a long disease. That his melancholy settled upon religious misgiving was the inevitable accident, his sorrow chose for herself the deepest place, he had all his life a boundless lessure, so that there was time for the terrible choice,

and nothing to hinder it. But until it was finally made any other anxiety would serve the turn of his disease. The first attack of acute insanity was brought about by his apony at the prospect of a formal appearance before the House of Lords He narrowly escaped the alternative of suicide. The antechnism of a little safe journey by stage coach or post unik a friend caused fear and distress too sharp for sleep and so on with the other insignificant incidents of a sheltered life But though his melancholin ceased for no more than eight happy years after the first outbreak and for the rest of his life dld not pass wholly away at as ampossible to read his delightful letters and not be assured that Comper was often and often a happy man He did not live in the inconsolable place it was bekind him often he did not look round Human friendship in its most devoted most vigilant and most selfless activity was at his service all his life It could not comfort his despair but it made the intervals pleasant, made them gay filled his days with the sweet talk of Mrs Unwin the sweeter laughter of Lady Hesketh. His phoetly friend Mr Newton did not foster his fears but encouraged his confidence. He loved nature and his haves and his kitten charmed the sense of pain" out of his willing heart

That he died, not out of his distress, but in it, is one of the facts that darken our vision of the history of the past. One voice has been raised above the grave to which he went in desolation—the voice of heavily compassion. Elizabeth Barrett Browning divined the secret of his painful life, explained it, shed her tears over his earthly destiny, but "saw his rapture in a vision"

ALICE MEYNELL

Contents

Boadicea	3
On the Receipt of my Mother a Picture	5
Lines composed for a Memorial of	
Ashley Cowper Esq	12
Epitaph on Dr Johnson	14
To Mary	15
The Castaway	18
To Sir Jashua Reynolds	21
Epitaph on Mrs. M Higgins	23
Lines on the Death of Sir William	
Russel	2.1
To Mrs. Unwin	36
Truth	27
Hope	53
Charity	93
Conversation	122
Ode to Peace	167
Verses (supposed to be written by Alex	
ander Selkirk during his solitary	
abode on the Island of Juan Fer	
nandez)	169

CONTENTS

		Page
Hymns—		
Walking with God	-	172
"I am the Lord that healeth thee		173
"The Lord send Peace'	-	174
The Contrite Heart, -	-	175
Lively Hope and Gracious Fear	-	176
THE TASK—		
The Sofa	-	178
The Winter Evening		215
From the Garden		253
The Winter Morning Walk -		258
The Winter Walk at Noon		301
Pairing Time anticipated		350
The Modern Patriot	-	353
On Mrs Montagu's Feather-Hanging	gs	355
The Dog and the Water Lily -	-	358
On a Spaniel, called Beau, killing	a	
Young Bird	-	ვნი
Beaus Reply	-	362
Epitaph on a Harc	-	364
The Diverting History of John Gilp	nn	367
A Tale	-	378
The Poet, the Oyster, and the Sensitr	re	
Plant	-	382
The Needless Alarm	-	385

Cowper's Poems

В

Boadicea

AW ODE

When the British warrior queen Bleeding from the Roman rods Sought, with an indignant mlen, Counsel of her country's gods

Sage beneath the spreading oak Sat the Druid heary chief Every burning word he spoke Full of rage, and full of greek

Princess if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs
Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word In the blood that she has spilt Perish hopeless and abhorr'd Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome for empire far renown d Tramples on a thousand states Soon her pride shall kiss the ground— Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

BOADICEA

"Other Romans shall arise, Heedless of a soldier's name, Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, Harmony the path to fame

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command

"Regions Cæsar never knew Thy posterity shall sway, Where his eagles never flew, None invincible as they"

Such the bard's prophetic words, Pregnant with celestial fire, Bending as he swept the chords Of his sweet but awful lyre

She, with all a monarch's pride, Felt them in her bosom glow Rush'd to battle, fought, and died, Dying, hurl'd them at the foe

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due,
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you"

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk



THE GEFT OF MY COURSE, AND BODHAM

away!"

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass d With me but roughly sloce I heard thee

last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile

The same that oft in childhood solaced me; Voice only fails, else how distinct they say Grieve not my child chase all thy fears

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes (Blest be the art that can unmortalize The art that buildes Time a tyransic claim To quench it) here shines on me still the

same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear
O welcome guest though unexpected here!

ON THE RECEIPT

Who bidst me honour with an artless song,

Affectionate, a mother lost so long

I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my re-
lief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she
My mother! when I learn'd that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just
begun? ''
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt,
a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss-
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers-
"Yes"
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burnal day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?-It was -Where thou
art gone
Adieus and farewells are 'a' sound un-
known

OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore.

The parting words shall pass my lips no more!

Thy maldens, grieved themselves at my concern

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return. What ardently I wish d I long beheved And disappointed still was still deceived By expectation every day beguiled,

Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went

Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent I learn d at last submission to my lot But, though I less deplored thee neer forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor

And where the gardener Robin day by

Drew me to school along the public way Delighted with my bouble couch and wrapp d

In scarlet mantle warm, and valvet capp d T is now become a history little known That once we call d the pastoral house our own.

. ON THE RECEIPT

Short-lived possession! But the record fair,

That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,

Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced

A thousand other themes less deeply traced

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid,

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, The biscuit, or confectionary plum,

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd

By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd

All this, and more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,

That humour interposed too often makes, All this still legible in memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age,

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay Such honours to thee as my numbers may, Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,

Not scorn'd in heaven, though little

OF MY MOTHEL S PICTURE

Could Time his flight reversed, restore

When playing with thy vestures tissued

The violet the pink, and jessamine, I prick d them into paper with a pin (And thou wast happier than myself the

(And thou wast happier than myself the while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head

and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again sp-

pear Might one wish bring them would I wish

them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear

delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might —
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved and thou so much

So little to be loved and thou so much That I should ill requite thee to constrain Thy unbound sprit into bonds again.

Thou as a gallent bark from Albon s

coast (The storms all weather'd and the ocean

(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross d)

Shoots into port at some well haven d isle, Where spices breathe, and brighter sea sons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that show Her beauteous form reflected clear below

ON THE RECEIPT

- While airs impregnated with incense play Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,
- So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore.
- "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar".
- And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
- Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side
- But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
- Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
- Me howling blasts drive devious, tempesttoss'd,
- Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
- And day by day some current's thwarting force
- Sets me more distant from a prosperous course
- Yet, Oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
- That thought is joy, arrive what may to
- My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth.

OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

But higher far my proud pretensions rise-

The son of parents pass d into the skies!

And now farewell—Time unrevoked has
run

17.00.00.

His wonted course, yet what I wish d is

By contemplations help not sought in vain

I seem to have lived my childhood oer again

To have renew'd the joys that once were mine, Without the sin of violating thine

And while the wings of fancy still are

I free, And I can view this mimic show of thee Time has but half succeeded in his theft— Thyself removed thy power to soothe me left.

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Lines Composed for a Memorial of Ashley Cowper, Esq.,

IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DEATH, 1788

Farewell! endued with all that could engage

All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age!

In prime of life, for sprightliness en-

Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old,

In life's last stage, (oh blessings rarely found!)

Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd,

Through every period of this changeful state

Unchanged thyself-wise, good, affection-

ASHLEY COMPER ESO

Marble may flatter and lest this should seem Oercharged with praises on so dear a theme,

Although thy worth be more than half supprest

Love shall be satisfied, and veil the rest.

Epitaph on Dr. Johnson

D

D

JAN 1785

Here Johnson lies—a sage, by all illow d, Whom to have bred may well make England proud,

Whose prose was eloquence, by Wisdom taught,

The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought, Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine, and strong—

Superior prinse to the mere poet's song, Who many a noble gift from heaven possess'd,

And futh at last, alone worth all the rest O man, immortal by a double prize, By fame on earth—by glory in the skies!

To Mary (Mrs. Unwin)

AUTUMN OF 793

The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast
Ah! would that this might be the last!

My Mary!

P

₽

Thy spirits have a fainter flow
1 see thee daily weaker grow—
"I was my distress that brought thee low
My Mary!

Thy needles once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore
Now rust disused and shine no more
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil The same kind office for me still Thy sight now seconds not thy will My Mary!

TO MARY

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,

And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream
Yet me they charm, whate er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee, What sight worth seeing could I sec? The sun would rise in vain for me, My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

TO MARY

And still to love though press d with ill in wintry age to feel no chill

With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know How oft the sadness that I show Transforms thy smules to looks of woe, My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast With much resemblance of the past. Thy worn-out heart will break at last My Mary!

HARCH 20, 1799

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again

Not long beneath the whelming brine, Expert to swiin, he lay, Nor soon he felt his strength decline, Or courage die away But waged with death a lasting strife, Supported by despair of life

THE CASTAWAY

He shouted nor his friends had fail d
To check the vessels course
But so the furious blart prevail d,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And saudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford And, such as storms allow The cask, the coop the floated cord Delay'd not to bestow But he they knew nor ship nor shore Whate or they gave should visit more.

Nor cruel as it seem d, could he Their haste himself condemn Aware that flight, in such a sea Aloue could rescue them Yet bitter felt it still to die Deserted and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour In ocean self-upheld And so long he, with unspent power His destroy repell d And ever as the minutes flew Entreated help or cred— Adieu!"

At length his transient respite past His comrades who before

THE CASTAWAY

Had heard his voice in every blast, Could catch the sound no more For then, by toil subdued, he drank The stifling wave, and then he sank

No poet wept him, but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date
But inisery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he

To Sir Joshua Revnolds

Dear President whose art sublime Gives perpetuity to time, And bids transactions of a day That fleeting hours would waft away To dark futurity survive And in unfading beauty live -You cannot with a grace decline A special mandate of the Ninelourself whatever task you choose So much indebted to the Muse. Thus say the sisterhood -We come-Fix well your palette on your thumb Prepare the pencil and the tents-We come to furnish you with hints. French disappointment, British glory Must be the subject of the story

ø

First strike a curve, a graceful bow Then slope it to a point below-Your outline easy siry light Fill'd up, becomes a paper late. Let independence sanguine, horrid Blaze like a meteor in the forehead

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Beneath (but lay aside your graces)
Draw six-and-twenty rueful faces,
Each with a staring, stedfast eye,
Fix'd on his great and good ally
France flies the kite—'t is on the wing—
Britannia's lightning cuts the string
The wind that raised it, ere it ceases,
Just rends it into thirteen pieces,
Takes charge of every fluttering sheet,
And lays them all at George's feet

Iberia, trembling from afar,
Renounces the confederate war
Her efforts and her arts o'ercome,
France calls her shatter'd navies home
Repenting Holland learns to mourn
The sacred treaties she has torn,
Astonishment and awe profound
Are stamp'd upon the nations round
Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose

Epitaph on Mrs. M rHiggins,

Ø

of Weston

Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb But happlest they who win the world to come

Believers have a silent field to fight, And their exploits are well d from human sight.

They in some nook, where little known they dwell, Kneel pray in faith, and rout the hosts

of hell Eternal tnumphs crown their tolls divine, And all those triumphs, Mary now are

And all those triumphs, Mary now are thine

Lines on the Death of Sir William Russel

lost.

Doom'd as I am in solitude to wiste. The present moments, and regret the past, Depriv'd of every joy I valued most. My friend form from me, and my mistres.

D

Call not this gloom I weir, this anxious mien.

The dull effect of humour, or of spleen!
Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,

Him snatched by fate in early youth away, And her—thro' tedious years of doubt and pain,

Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in

O prone to pity, generous, and sincere, Whose eye ne'er yet refus'd the wretch a tear,

Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows

Nor thinks a lover's are but fancial woes,

SIR WILLIAM RUSSEL

See me-ere yet my destand course half done,

Cast forth a wandrer on a world unknown!

See me neglected on the world's rude coast, Each dear companion of my voyage lost! Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow

And ready tears wait only leave to flow! Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free

All that delights the happy-palls with mel

To Mrs. Unwin 🙍 📁

MAY, 1793

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings, Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new

And undebased by praise of meaner things, That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,

I may record thy worth with honour due, In verse as musical as thou art true,

And that immortalizes whom it sings

But thou hast little need There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly
light,

On which the eyes of God not rarely look, A chronicle of actions just and bright, There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,

And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine

Truth

THE AROUNDENT

The person of error leads to destruction—Grace leads the right way—Its direction despised—The sulf-sufficient Pharines compared with the peacock—The pheneus conputed with the Chrucken—Heaves abbors affected sanctity—

—Picture of associatednos prode—Picture of sitter—Presiden of Christian—Importance of societies, fluctuated by the conduct of two servacio—The maveller over those by store flerased to the sleaze drashing the very sense of the Abrighty—Despectos sats of those who are just in their own consist—The internation of the Indian —Contest of the ignorest but believing corragro—The rick, the wise, and the great, seglect the senses of winning learner—Poverty the best soil for religion—What manuffly is, and what in the two extense—U belief other analytic is and what in the two extense—U belief other manuffly is, and what in the two extense—U belief other particular than the content of the president of the particular than the content of significant servey official by the Google—Plate for the virtuous heathon—Consusted given by Good on Stand—The judgment day—Plate of the believer.

Pensantur trothal. -- How., Eh. H. Ep.

Man, on the dubious waves of error toss'd, His ship half founder'd and his compass lost,

Sees far as human optics may command, A sleeping fog and fancies it dry land

Spreads all his canvas, every sinew plies, Pants for it, aims at, enters it, and dies! Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes, His well-built systems, philosophic dreams, Deceitful views of future bliss, farewell! He reads his sentence at the flames of hell Hard lot of man—to toil for the reward

Of virtue, and yet lose it! Wherefore hard?

He that would win the race must guide his horse

Obedient to the customs of the course, Else, though unequall'd to the goal he

flies,

A meaner than himself shall gain the prize

Grace leads the right way if you choose the wrong,

Take it and perish, but restrain your tongue,

Charge not, with light sufficient and left free,

Your wilful suicide on God's decree
Oh how unlike the complex works of
man,

Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan! No meretricious graces to beguile,

No clustering ornaments to clog the pile, From ostentation, as from weakness, free, It stands like the cerulean arch we see,

Majestle in its own simplicity Inscribed above the portal from afar Conspicuous as the brightness of a star Legible only by the light they give, Stand the soul-quickening words—RELIEVE, AND LIVE.

Too many shock'd at what should charm them most

Despise the plain direction and are lost. Heaven oo such terms! (they cry with proud disdain)

Incredible impossible and vain!— Rebel because tis easy to obey And scorn for its own sake, the gramous way

These are the sober in whose cooler

Some thought of immortality remains. The rest too busy or too gay to wart. On the said theme, their everlasting state, Sport for a day and perish in a night. The foam upon the waters not so light. Who judged the Phansee? What odous

Who judged the Pharisee? What odous cause

Exposed him to the vengeance of the laws?

Had be seduced a virgin wrong d a friend, Or stabb d a man to serve some private end?

Was blaspherny his sin? Or did he stray From the strict duties of the sacred day?

Sit long and late at the carousing board? (Such were the sins with which he charged his Lord)

No—the man's morals were exact What then?

'T was his ambition to be seen of men, His virtues were his pride, and that one vice

Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price, He wore them as fine trappings for a show,

A praying, synagogue-frequenting beau The self-applauding bird, the peacock, see—

Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!
Meridian sunbeams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold
He treads as if, some solemn music near,
His measur'd step were govern'd by his
ear,

And seems to say—"Ye meaner fowl, give place,

I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!"
Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,

Though he, too, has a glory in his plumes He, Christian like, retreats with modest mien

To the close copse or far sequester'd green, And shines without desiring to be seen

The plea of works as arrogant and vain, Heaven turns from with abhorrence and distaln

Not more affronted by avow'd neglect, Than by the mere dissembler's feignd respect.

What is all righteousness that men devise? What—but a sorded bargain for the skies? But Christ as soon would abdicate His

As stoop from heaven to sell the proud

You ancient prude whose wither'd features show

She might be young some forty years ago,

Her elbows pinioned close upon her hipe, Her head erect, her fan upon her lips Her eyebrows arch d, her eyes both gone astray

To watch you amorous couple in their play

With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies The rude incienters of wintry skies, And sails with lappet head and nuncing airs

Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers. To thrift and parsimony much inclined She yet allows herself that boy behind

The shivering urchin, bending as he goes, With slipshod heels and dewdrop at his nose,

His predecessor's coat advanced to wear, Which future pages yet are doom'd to share, Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm, And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm

She, half an angel in her own account, Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,

Though not a grace appears on strictest search,

But that she fasts, and *item*, goes to church

Conscious of age, she recollects her youth, And tells, not always with an eye to truth, Who spann'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,

Scrawl'd upon glass Miss Bridget's lovely name,

Who stole her slipper, fill'd it with tokay, And drank the little bumper every day Of temper as envenom'd as an asp, Censorious, and her every word a wasp, In faithful memory she records the crimes, Or real, or fictitious, of the times, Laughs at the reputations she has torn, And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn

Such are the fruits of sanctimonious

Of malice fed while flesh is mortified

Take Madam the reward of all your

prayers

Where hermits and where Brahmins meet with theirs

Your portion is with them. Nay never frown

But if you please some fathoms lower

Artist attend—your brushes and your

Produce them-take a chair-new draw a saint.

Oh sorrowful and sad1 the streaming tears

Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears! Is this a saint? Throw tints and all away—

True piety is cheerful as the day

Will weep indeed and heave a pitying grosn

For others woes but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the King of saints in view?

Why falls the gospel like a gracious den? To call up plenty from the teeming earth Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth?

(8160)

13

D

Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved From servile fear, or be the more enslaved? To loose the links that gall'd mankind before,

Or bind them faster on, and add still more? The free-born Christian has no chains to prove,

Or, if a chain, the golden one of love No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,

What fear he feels his gratitude inspires Shall he, for such deliverance freely wrought,

Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought

His master's interest and his own combined

Prompt every movement of his heart and mind

Thought, word, and deed his liberty evince,

His freedom is the freedom of a prince Man's obligations infinite, of course

His life should prove that he perceives their force,

His utmost he can render is but small— The principle and motive all in all

You have two servants—Tom, an arch, sly rogue,

From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,

TRITTII

Genteel in figure easy in address

Moves without noise, and swift as an ex

press.

Reports a message with a pleasing grace Expert in all the d thes of his place Say on what higher does his obedience move?

Has he a world of grantude and love?

No not a spark—'tis all mere sharpers
play

He fikes your house your housemand and your pay

Reduce his wages or get rid of her Tom quits you with — Your most obedient sir."

The dinner served Charles takes his usual stand

Watches your eye anticipates command Sighs, if perhaps your appetite should fail And if he but suspects a frown turns pale Consults all day your interest and your ease

Richly rewarded if he can but please
And proud to make his firm attachment
known

To save your life would nobly risk his own.

Now which stands highest in your
senous thought?

Charles without doubt say you-and so he ought

- One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
- Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds
 Thus Heaven approves as honest and
 sincere
- The work of generous love and filial fear, But with averted eyes the omniscient Judge
- Scorns the base hireling and the slavish drudge
 - Where dwell these matchless saints? old Curio cries
- E'en at your side, sir, and before your eyes,
- The favour'd few the enthusiasts you despise.
- And, pleased at heart because on holy ground
- Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found, Reproach a people with his single fall, And cast his filthy raiment at them all Attend! an apt similitude shall show
- Whence springs the conduct that offends you so
 - See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
- Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain,
- Peal upon peal redoubling all around, Shakes it again and faster to the ground,

Now flashing wide now glancing as in play

Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart

Ere vet it came the traveller urged his

steed And hurried but with unsuccessful speed Now drench'd throughout and hopeless of his case.

He drops the reln, and leaves him to his pace.

Suppose unlook d for in a scene so rude Long hid by interposing hill or wood Some mansion neat and elegantly dress d By some kind hospitable heart possess'd Offer him warmth security and rest

Think with what pleasure, safe, and at his case

He hears the tempest howling in the trees What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ

While danger past is turn d to present in So fares it with the sunner when he feels A growing dread of vengeance at his heels His conscience like a glassy lake before, Lash d into foaming waves, begins to roar The law grown clamorous, though silent long

Arraigns him charges him with every wrong-

Asserts the right of his offended Lord,
And death, or restitution, is the word
The last impossible, he fears the first,
And, having well deserved, expects the
worst

Then welcome refuge and a peaceful home,

Oh for a shelter from the wrath to come! Crush me, ye rocks, ye falling mountains, hide,

Or bury me in ocean's angry tide!—
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
I dare not—"And you need not," God
replies,

"The remedy you want I freely give, The Book shall teach you—read, believe, and live!"

'T is done—the raging storm is heard no more,

Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore And Justice, guardian of the dread command,

Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand

A soul redeem'd demands a life of praise, Hence the complexion of his future days, Hence a demeanour holy and unspeck'd, And the world's hatred, as its sure effect

Some lead a life unblameable and just, Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust

They never sin—or if (as all offend) Some trivial slips their daily walk attend The poor are near at hand the charge is small.

A slight gratuity atones for all

The future shall obliterate the past And heaven no doubt, shall be their home at last.

Come then-a still small whisper in your ear-

He has no bope who never had a fear And he that never doubted of his state He may perhaps—perhaps he may—too late. The path to bliss abounds with many

IL ADARC

Learning is one and wit, however rare. The Frenchman first in literary fame (Mention him if you please. Voltnire?— The same.)

With spirit, genius eloquence supplied, Lived long wrote much laughd heartily and died

The Scripture was his jest book whence he drew

Box-mots to gall the Christian and the Jew

An infidel in health but what when sick?

Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick.

View him at Paris in his last career! Surrounding throngs the demigod revere, Exalted on his pedestal of pride,

And fumed with frankincense on every side,

He begs their flattery with his latest breath,

And, smother'd in't at last, is praised to death

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,

Pillow and bobbins all her little store,

Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,

Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,

Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light,

She, for her humble sphere by nature fit, Has little understanding, and no wit,

Receives no praise, but, though her lot be such.

(Toilsome and indigent,) she renders much, Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—

A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,

And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,

Her title to a treasure in the skies

Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard! His the mere thisel hers the rich reward He praised perhaps for ages yet to come She never heard of half a mile from home He lost in errors, his vain hoart prefers She safe in the simplicity of hers.

Not many wise rich noble or profound in science win one inch of heavenly ground.

And is it not a mortifying thought. The poor should gain it and the rich

should not? No -the voluptuaries who ne er forget One pleasure lost lose heaven without

One pleasure lost lose heaven without regret

Regret would rouse them and give birth

Kegret would rouse them and give birth
to prayer

Prayer would add faith and faith would fix them there.

Not that the Former of us all In this Or aught He does is govern d by expelce The supposition is replete with sin And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt

And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.

Not so-the silver trumpets heavenly call Sounds for the poor but sounds alike for all

Kings are invited and would kings obey No slaves on earth more welcome were than they;

But royalty, nobility, and state, Are such a dead preponderating weight, That endless bliss, (how strange soe'er it

scem,)

In counterpoise, flys up and kicks the

'T is open, and ye cannot enter—why'
Because ye will not, Conyers would reply—
And he says much that many may dispute
And cavil at with ease, but none refute
Oh, bless'd effect of penury and want,
The seed sown there, how vigorous is the
plant!

No soil like poverty for growth divine, As leanest land supplies the richest wine Earth gives too little, giving only bread, To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head To them the sounding jargon of the schools

Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools. The light they walk by, kindled from above,

Shows them the shortest way to life and love

They, strangers to the controversial field, Where deists, always foil'd, yet scorn to yield,

And never check'd by what impedes the wise,

Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize

Envy ye great the dull unletter'd small he have much cause for envy—but not all We boast some nch ones whom the Gospel sways

And one who wears a coronet and prays Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show Here and there one upon the topmost bough.

How readily upon the Gospel plan That question has its answer-Wint is man?

Sinful and weak in every sense a wretch An instrument whose cords, upon the stretch

And strain d to the last screw that he can

Yield only discord in his Maker's ear Once the blest residence of truth divine Glorious as Solyma's intenor shinne Where, in his own oracular abode Dwelt visibly the light-creating God; But made long since like Babylon of ald A den of mischiels never to be told And she once mistress of the realms around, Now scatter'd wide and nowhere to be found

As soon shall rise and reascend the throne By native power and energy her own As nature at her own peculiar cost, Restore to man the glories he has lost.

Go—bid the winter cease to chill the year, Replace the wandering comet in his sphere, Then boast (but wait for that unhoped for hour)

The self-restoring arm of human power But what is man in his own proud esteem? Hear him—himself the poet and the theme A monarch clothed with majesty and awe, His mind his kingdom, and his will his law,

Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes, Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies, Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,

And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a God! So sings he, charm'd with his own mind and form,

The song magnificent—the theme a worm! Himself so much the source of his delight, His Maker has no beauty in his sight. See where he sits, contemplative and fix'd, Pleasure and wonder in his features mix'd, His passions tamed and all at his control, How perfect the composure of his soul! Complacency has breathed a gentle gale. O'er all his thoughts, and swell'd his easy sail.

His books well trimm'd and in the gayest style,

Like regimental coxcombs, rank and file,

Adorn his intellects as well as shelves And teach him notions splendid as themselves:

The Bible only stands neglected there Though that of all most worthy of his

And like an infant troublesome awake is left to sleep for peace and quiet sake What shall the man deserve of human-

kind, Whose happy skill and Industry combined Shall prove (what argument could never vet)

The Bible an imposture and a cheat?
The praises of the libertine profess d
The worst of men and curses of the best.
When the living weeping our his worst.

The dying trembling at the awful close Where the betray d forsaken and oppress d

The thousands whom the world forbids to

Where should they find (those comforts at an end

The Scripture yields) or hope to find a friend?

Sorrow might muse herself to madness then

And seeking exile from the sight of men

Bury herself in solitude profound, Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground

Thus often Unbelief, grown sick of life, Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife. The jury meet, the coroner is short, And lunacy the verdict of the court. Reverse the sentence, let the truth be known.

Such lunacy is ignorance alone,
They knew not, what some bishops may
not know.

That Scripture is the only cure of woe That field of promise, how it flings abroad Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road! The soul, reposing on assured relief, Feels herself happy amidst all her grief, Forgets her labour as she toils along, Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song But the same word, that, like the polish'd share.

Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care, Kills too the flowery weeds, where'er they grow,

That bind the sinner's bacchanalian brow Oh, that unwelcome voice of heavenly love, Sad messenger of mercy from above! How does it grate upon his thankless ear, Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear!

His will and judgment at continual strife That civil war embitters all his life In vain he points his powers against the

skies

In vain he closes or averts his eyes, Truth will intrude—she bids him yet

beware

And shakes the sceptic in the scorner's

chair

Though various foes against the Truth

combine
Pride above all opposes her design
Pride of a growth superior to the rest

The aubilest serpent with the loftlest crest Swells at the thought and kindling into rage,

Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage

And is the soul indeed so lost?-she cries,

Fallen from her glory and too weak to rise?

Torpid and dull beneath a frozen zone Has she no spark that may be deemd her own?

Grant her indebted to what zealots call Grace undeserved yet surely not for all! Some beams of rectitude she yet displays Some love of virtue and some power to praise:

Can lift herself above corporeal things, And, soaring on her own unborrow'd wings,

Possess herself of all that's good or true, Assert the skies, and vindicate her due Past indiscretion is a venial crime, And if the youth, unmellow'd yet by time, Bore on his branch, luxuriant then and rude,

Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,

Maturer years shall happier stores produce, And meliorate the well-concocted juice Then, conscious of her meritorious zeal, To Justice she may make her bold appeal, And leave to Mercy, with a tranquil mind, The worthless and unfruitful of mankind Hear then how Mercy, slighted and defied,

Retorts the affront against the crown of pride

Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd, And the fool with it, who insults his Lord The atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought

Is not for you—the righteous need it not Seest thou you harlot, wooing all she meets,

The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,

Herself from morn to night from night to morn

Her own abhorrence and as much your scorn

The gracious shower unlimited and free Shall fall on her when Heaven denies it thee,

Of all that wisdom dictates the the drift-

That man is dead in sun and life a gift.

Is virtue then, unless of Clinvian growth

Mere fallacy or foolishnes or both? Ten thousand sages lost in endless woe

For Ignorance of what they could not know?
That speech betrays at once a bigot

tongue

Charge not a God sith such outrageous

Charge not a God with such outrageouwrong!

Truly not I—the partial light men have My creed persuades me well employ d mny save

While he that scorns the noonday beam perverse.
Shall find the blessing unimproved a curse.

Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind Left sensuality and dross belieful

Possess for me their undi puted lot And take unenvied the reward they sought (8160) 49 P

But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea, Not blind by choice, but destined not to see Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame, Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,

Derived from the same source of light and grace,

That guides the Christian in his swifter race,

Their judge was conscience, and her rule their law

That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,

Led them, however faltering, faint, and slow,

From what they knew to what they wish'd to know

But let not him that shares a brighter day Traduce the splendour of a noontide ray, Prefer the twilight of a darker time,

And deem his base stupidity no crime,

The wretch, who slights the bounty of the skies,

And sinks, while favour'd with the means to rise,

Shall find them rated at their full amount, The good he scorn'd all carried to account Marshalling all His terrors as He came,

Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,

TRUTII

From Sinal's top Jehovah gave the law-Life for obedience—death for every flaw When the great Sovereign would His will express

He gives a perfect rule what can He less? And guards it with a sanction as severe. As vengeance can inflict or sinners fear. Else Ills own glorious rights He would distribute.

And man might safely trifle with His name He bids him glow with unremitting love To all on Earth and to Himself above Condemns the injurious deed the slander out tongue

The thought that meditates a brother's wrong;

Brings not alone the more conspicuous part

His conduct to the test but tries his heart Hark! universal nature shook and ground

Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthroneds

Rouse oil your courage at your utmost need

Now summon every virtue stand and plead. What! silent? Is your boating heard no more?

That self renouncing wisdom learn d be fore

Had shed immortal glories on your brow, That all your virtues cannot purchase now All joy to the believer! He can speak—Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek "Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy foot

And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped but in Thy righteousness divine
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child,
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest
part,

That they proceeded from a grateful heart Cleansed in Thine own all-purifying blood, Forgive their evil, and accept their good I cast them at Thy feet—my only plea Is what it was, dependance upon Thee While struggling in the vale of tears below,

That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now "Angelic gratulations rend the skies, Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise, Humility is crown'd, and Faith receives the prize

Hope

THE AROUNTENT

•

Human Ma .- The charms of Narare remain the same though they appear different in youth and age-Frivolity of fashionable life-Value of Rie-The works of the Creates evidences of His attributes-Nature the handward to the purposes of grace-Character of Hope-Man saturally stubborn and intractable.-His conduct is different stations - Death heavors - Each man belief right in his swee eyes - Simile of Ethebed' homitality - Manhied grantel with the Olver of eternal life, on account of the terms of which it is offered-Opinious on this subject-Spread of the Gospel-The Oreenland Missours-Contract of the soconverted and converted beather-Character of Lencincoust -The man of pleasure the blindess of bigets-Any hors preferred to that required by the Scripture-Human nature opposed to Truth-Apostrophs to Truth-Picture of one conscience existes .- The purious singer - Concheton.

docess iter ≪ encre ostie pandes. —Vizu. Æx. 6.

Ask what is human life—the sage replies, With disappointment lowering in his eyes, A painful passage o er a restless flood, A vain pursuit of fugitive false good A scene of fancied blus and heart felt care, Closing at last in darkness and desoul

The poor, inured to drudgery and distress, Act without aim, think little, and feel less, And nowhere, but in feign'd Arcadian scenes,

Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means

Riches are pass'd away from hand to hand, As fortune, vice, or folly may command, As in a dance the pair that take the lead Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,

So shifting and so various is the plan By which Heaven rules the mix'd affairs of man,

Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd, The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud,

Business is labour, and man's weakness such,

Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much, The very sense of it forgoes its use, By repetition pall'd, by age obtuse Youth lost in dissipation, we deplore, Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore,

Our years, a fruitless race without a prize, Too many, yet too few to make us wise" Dangling his cane about, and taking snuff,

Lothario cries, "What philosophic stuff!

O querulous and weak!—whose useless

Once thought of nothing and now thinks in vain

Whose eye reverted weeps oer all the past,

Whose prospect shows thee a disheartening waste

Would age in thee resign his wintry reign And youth invigorate that frame again Renew'd desire would grace with other speech

Joys always; prized, when placed within

For lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom

That overhangs the borders of thy tomb See nature gay as when she first began With smales alluring her admirer man She spreads the morning over eastern bills.

Earth glitters with the drops the night distils

The sun obedient, at her call appears

To fling his glorles o er the robe she
wears

Banks clothed with flowers, groves fill d with sprightly sounds

The yellow tilth green meads rocks, rising grounds

Streams edged with osiers, fattening every field

Where'er they flow, now seen and now conceal'd,

From the blue rim, where skies, and mountains meet,

Down to the very turf beneath thy feet, Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise.

Or pride can look at with indifferent eyes, All speak one language, all with one sweet voice

Cry to her universal realm, Rejoice! Man feels the spur of passions and desires,

And she gives largely more than he requires,

Not that, his hours devoted all to care, Hollow-eyed abstinence, and lean despair, The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,

She holds a Paradise of rich delight, But gently to rebuke his awkward fear, To prove that what she gives she gives sincere

To banish hesitation, and proclaim
His happiness her dear, her only, aim
'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream,
That Heaven's intentions are not what
they seem,

That only shadows are dispensed below And earth has no reality but wee."

Thus things terrestrial wear a different

As youth or age persuades and neither true.

So Flora's wreath through colour'd crystal seen

The rose or lily appears blue or green But still the imputed tota are those alone

The medium represents, and not their own.

To use at moon sit shipshod and undress'd

To read the news, or fiddle as seems best

Till half the world comes rattling at his .door

To fill the dull vacuity till four And, just when evening turns the blue vault gray

To spend two hours in dressing for the day

To make the sun a hauble without use, Save for the fruits his heavenly beams produce

Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,

Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not

Through mere necessity to close his eyes Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise,

Is such a life, so tediously the same, So void of all utility or aim,

That poor Jonquil, with almost every breath,

Sighs for his exit, vulgarly called death For he, with all his follies, has a mind Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind, But now and then perhaps a feeble ray Of distant wisdom shoots across his way, By which he reads, that life without a plan,

As useless as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in, an incumbrance ere half
spent

Oh! weariness beyond what asses feel, That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel, A dull rotation, never at a stay, Yesterday's face twin image of to-day, While conversation, an exhausted stock, Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock No need, he cries, of gravity stuff'd out With academic dignity devout, To read wise lectures, vanity the text Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next, For truth self-evident, with pomp impress'd, Is vanity surpassing all the rest

That remedy not hid to deeps profound

\et seldom sought where only to be found,

While passion: turns aside from its due scope

The inquirer's aim that remedy is hope Life is His gift from whom whateer life needs

With every good and perfect gift, proceeds
Bestow d on man, like all that we partake,
Royally freely for His bounty a sake i
Transent lodeed, as is the fleeting hour
And yet the seed of an immortal flower
Design d in honour of His endless love,
To fill with fragrance His abode above
No trifle, howsoever short it seem
And howsoever shadowy no dream
Its value what so thought can ascertain
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain.

Men deal with life as children with their play

Who first misuse, then cast their toys away

Live to no sober purpose, and contend That their Creator had no serious end. When God and man stand opposite in view

Man s disappointment must, of course, casue.

The just Creator condescends to write, In beams of mextinguish the light,

His names of wisdom, goodness, power and love,

On all that blooms below, or shines above,

To catch the wandering notice of mankind, And teach the world, if not perversely blind,

His gracious attributes, and prove the share

His offspring hold in His paternal care
If, led from earthly things to things
divine,

His creature thwart not His august design,

Then praise is heard instead of reasoning pride,

And captious cavil and complaint subside Nature, employ'd in her allotted place, Is handmaid to the purposes of grace,

By good vouchsafed makes known superior good,

And bliss not seen by blessings understood

That bliss, reveal'd in Scripture, with a

Bright as the covenant-ensuring bow, Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn Of sensual evil, and thus Hope is born

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all That men have deemd substantial since the fall

Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe From emptroess itself a real use And while she takes, as at a father's hand.

What health and sober appetite demand From fading good derives, with chemic art That lasting happiness, a thankful heart. Hope, with unlifted foot set free from earth.

Pants for the place of her ethereal birth On steady wings sails through the im mense abves.

Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of Miss.

And crowns the soul while yet a mourner here.

With wreaths like those triumphant spirits WORK

Hope as an anchor firm and sure holds fast

The Christian vessel and defies the blast. Hope! nothing else can nourish and secure His new born virtues and preserve him pure.

Hope! let the wretch once conscious of the 10Y

Whom now despairing agonies destroy

- Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
- What treasures centre, what delights, in thee
- Had he the gens, the spices, and the land,
- That boasts the treasure, all at his command,
- The fragrant grove, the mestimable mine, Were light, when weigh'd against one smile of thine
 - Though, clasp'd and cradled in his nurse's arms,
- He shines with all a cherub's artless charms,
- Man is the genuine offspring of revolt, Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt, His passions, like the watery stores that sleep
- Beneath the smiling surface of the deep, Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm, To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form
- From infancy through childhood's giddy maze.
- Froward at school, and fretful in his plays, The puny tyrant burns to subjugate The free republic of the whip-gig state If one, his equal in athletic frame, Or, more provoking still, of nobler name,

Dare step across his arbitrary views An Illad only not in verse ensues The little Greeks look trembling at

The little Greeks look trembling at the scales,

Till the best tongue or heaviest hand prevails.

Now see him launch d into the world at large

If priest, supinely droning o er his charge Their fleece his pillow and his weekly drawl

Though short too long the price he pays for all.

If lawyer loud whatever cause he plead, But proudest of the worst, if that succeed. Perhaps a grave physician gathering fees, Punctually paid for lengthening out dis-

No Cotton whose humanity sheds rays. That make superior skill his second praise, if arms engage him he devotes to sport. His date of hie so likely to be short.

A soldier may be anything if brave, So may a tradesman if not quite a knave. Such stuff the world is made of and mankind

To passion interest, pleasure, whim reaign d

Insist on as if each were his own pope, Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope.

But Conscience, in some awful silent hour,

When captivating lusts have lost their power,

Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,

Reminds him of religion, hated theme! Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,

And tells of laws despised, at least not kept,

Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise, A pale procession of past sinful joys,

All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,

A life abused, and not to be suborn'd

"Mark these," she says, "these, summon'd from afar,"

Begin their march to meet thee at the bar, There find a Judge inexorably just,

And perish there, as all presumption must "
Peace be to those (such peace as earth
can give)

Who live in pleasure, dead e'en while they live,

Born capable indeed of heavenly truth, But down to latest age, from earliest youth,

Their mind a wilderness through want of care,

The plough of wisdom never entering there



They could have held the conduct they pursue,

Had Paul of Tarsus hved and died a Jew, And truth, proposed to reasoners wise as they,

Is a pearl cast—completely cast away
They die —Death lends them, pleased,
and as in sport,

All the grim honours of his ghastly court Far other paintings grace the chamber now,

Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow

The busy heralds hang the sable scene With mournful 'scutcheons, and dim lamps between,

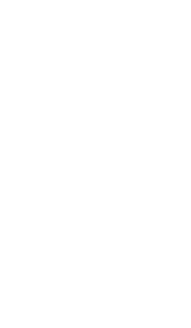
Proclaim their titles to the crowd around, But they that wore them move not at the sound,

The coronet, placed idly at their head, Adds nothing now to the degraded dead, And e'en the star that glitters on the bier, Can only say—Nobility lies here

Peace to all such—'twere pity to offend, By useless censure, whom we cannot mend,

Life without hope can close but in despair,

'T was there we found them, and must leave them there



Thus hopes of every sort, whatever sect Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect,

If wild in nature, and not duly found, Gethsemane! in thy dear hallow'd ground, That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,

Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight, Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds, (Oh cast them from thee!) are weeds, arrant weeds

Ethelred's house, the centre of six ways,

Diverging each from each, like equal rays,

Himself as bountiful as April rains,

Lord paramount of the surrounding plains, Would give relief of bed and board to none

But guests that sought it in the appointed one,

And they might enter at his open door, E'en till his spacious hall would hold no more

He sent a servant forth by every road, To sound his horn, and publish it abroad, That all might mark—knight, menial, high, and low—

An ordinance it concern'd them much to know

If after all some headstrong hardy lout Would disobey though sure to be shut out.

Could he with reason murmur at his case Himself sole author of his own disgrace? No! the decree was just and without flaw.

And he that made had right to make the law

His sovereign power and pleasure unrestrain d

The wrong was his who wrongfully com plain d.

Yet half mankind maintain a churlish

With Him the Donor of eternal life Because the deed by which His love confirms

The largess He bestows prescribes the terms.

Compliance with His will your lot ensures, Accept it only and the boon is yours. And sure it is as kind to simile and give As with a frown to say Do this and live"

Love is not pediar's trumpery bought and sold

He will give freely or He will withhold, His soul abhors a mercenary thought And him as deeply who abhors it not

He stipulates indeed, but merely this,

That man will freely take an unbought bliss,

Will trust Him for a faithful generous part,

Nor set a price upon a willing heart

Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,

To place you where His saints His presence share,

This only can, for this plain cause, express'd

In terms as plain—Himself has shut the rest

But oh the strife, the bickering, and debate,

The flirted fan, the bridle, and the toss,

All speakers, yet all language at a loss

From stucco'd walls smart arguments rebound,

And beaus, adepts in everything profound, Die of disdain, or whistle off the sound Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,

The explosion of the levell'd tube excites, Where mouldering abbey walls o'erhang the glade,

And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade,

The screaming nations hovering in mid

Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there And seem to warn him never to repeat His bold intrusion on their dark retreat

Adieu "Vinosa cries, ere yet he sips The purple bumper trembling at his lips, Adieu to all morality! if grace

Make works a value ingredient in the case.

The Christian hope is—Waiter draw the

if I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork! Without good works whatever some may boart.

Mere folly and delusion—Sir your tonst My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes That Heaven will weigh mans virtues and his crimes

With nice attention in a righteous scale And save or damn as these or those prevail.

I plant my foot upon this ground of trust And silence every fear with—God is just. But if perchance on some dull drizzling day

A thought intrude that says or seems to say

If thus the important cause is to be tried Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side

IIOPE

I soon recover from these needless frights, And—God is merciful—sets all to rights. Thus between justice, as my prime support,

And mercy, fled to as the last resort,

I glide and steal along with heaven in view,

And, - pardon me, the bottle stands with you"

"I never will believe," the Colonel cries,

"The sanguinary schemes that some devise,

Who make the good Creator, on their plan,

A being of less equity than man

If appetite, or what divines call lust,

Which men comply with, e'en because they must,

Be punish'd with perdition, who is pure? Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure

If sentence of eternal pain belong

To every sudden slip and transient wrong, Then Heaven enjoins the fallible and frail A hopeless task, and damns them if they

fail

My creed, (whatever some creed-makers mean

By Athanasian nonsense or Nicene,)

My creed is, he is safe that does his best, And death s a doom sufficient for the rest." Right" says an ensign and for aught I see.

Your faith and mine substantially agree The best of every man a performance here Is to discharge the duties of his sphere. A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair Honesty shines with great advantage there. Fasting and prayer sit well upon a priest A decent caution and reserve at least. A soldier's best is courage in the field, With nothing here that wants to be con-

coal d

Manly deportment, gallant easy gay A hand as liberal as the light of day The soldier thus endowd, who never ehronke.

Nor closets up his thoughts whate er he thinks

Who scorns to do an injury by stealth Must go to heaven-and I must drink his health.

Sir Smug" he cries, (for lowest at the board.

Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord, His shoulders writnessing by many a shrug

How much his feelings suffered sat Sir Smag)

- "Your office is to winnow false from true,
- Come, prophet, drink, and tell us, What think you?"
 - Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
- Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
- "Fallible man," the church-bred youth replies,
- "Is still found fallible, however wise,
- And differing judgments serve but to declare,
- That truth hes somewhere, if we knew but where
- Of all it ever was my lot to read,
- Of critics now alive or long since dead,
- The book of all the world that charm'd me most
- Was,—well-a-day, the title-page was lost,
- The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
- To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows,
- With prudence always ready at our call, To guide our use of it, is all in all
- Doubtless it is To which, of my own store,
- I superadd a few essentials more,

But these excuse the liberty I take I waive just now for conversation sake." Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim And add Right Reverend to Smug's honour d name.

And yet our lot is given us in a land Where busy arts are never at a stand Where Science points her telescopic eye Familiar with the wonders of the sky Where bold loquiry diving out of sight Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light

Where nought cludes the persevering

quest,
That fashion taste, or luxury suggest.
But above all in her own light ar

ray d See Mercy s grand apocalypse display d1 The sacred book no longer suffers

wrong

Bound in the fetters of an unknown
tongue

But speaks with plainness art could never mend

What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.

God gives the word the preachers throng around

Live from His lips and spread the glori ous sound

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,

The trumpet of a life-restoring day,

'T is heard where England's eastern glory shines,

And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines

And still it spreads See Germany send

forth

Her sons to pour it on the farthest north Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy

The rage and rigour of a polar sky,

And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose

On icy plains and in eternal snows

O blest within the inclosure of your rocks,

Not herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks,

Nor fertilizing streams your fields divide, That show, reversed, the villas on their side,

No groves have ye, no cheerful sound of bird,

Or voice of turtle in your land is heard, Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell Of those that walk at evening where ye

Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell,

But Winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,

Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,

Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,

And bids the mountains he has built stand fast

Beckons the legions of his storms away From happier scenes, to make your land a prey

Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won

And scorns to share it with the distant sun.

-Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle!

And peace the genuine offspring of her smile

The pride of letter'd ignorance that binds in chains of error our accomplish d minds That decks, with all the splendour of the true.

A false religion, is unknown to you.

Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight The sweet vicissitudes of day and night Soft airs and genual moisture feed and cheer

Field, fruit and flower and every creature here

But brighter beams than his who fires the skles

Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,

That shoot into your darkest caves the day, From which our nicer optics turn away

Here see the encouragement grace gives to vice,

The dire effect of mercy without price!

What were they? what some fools are made by art,

They were by nature, atheists, head and heart

The gross idolatry blind heathens teach Was too refined for them, beyond their reach

Not e'en the glorious sun, though men revere

The monarch most that seldom will appear,

And though his beams, that quicken where they shine,

May claim some right to be esteem'd divine,

Not e'en the sun, desirable as rare,

Could bend one knee, engage one votary there,

They were, what base credulity believes True Christians are, dissemblers, drunkards, thieves

The full gorged savage at his nauscous feast,

Spent half the darkness, and snored out the rest,

Was one, whom justice on an equal plan Denouncing death upon the suns of man Might almost have indulged with an escape.

Chargeable only with a human shape.

What are they now?—Morality may

spare

Her grave concern her kind suspicions there

The wretch that once sang wildly danced and laugh d

And suck'd in dezzy madness with his draught

Has wept a silent flood reversed his ways Is sober meek, benevolent, and prays Feeds sparingly communicates his store Abhors the craft be boasted of before, And he that stole has learn d to steal no

more.
Well spake the prophet, Let the desert
sing

Where sprang the thorn the splry fir shall spring

And where unsightly and rank thistles grew

Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant

Go now and with important tone de mand

On what foundation variue is to stand

IIOPE

If self-exalting claims be turn'd adrift, And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift,

The poor reclaim'd inhabitant, his eyes Glistening at once with pity and surprise, Amazed that shadows should obscure the sight

Of one, whose birth was in a land of light,

Shall answer, "Hope, sweet Hope, has set me free,

And made all pleasures else mere dross to me"

These, amidst scenes as waste as if denied

The common care that waits on all beside, Wild as if nature there, void of all good, Play'd only gambols in a frantic mood, (Yet charge not heavenly skill with having plann'd

A plaything world, unworthy of his hand,) Can see His love, though secret evil lurks In all we touch, stamp'd plainly on His works,

Deem life a blessing with its numerous woes,

Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows Hard task indeed o'er arctic seas to roam!

Is hope exotic? grows it not at home?

Yes but an object, bright as orient morn May press the sye too closely to be borne A distant virtue we can all confess, It hurts our pride and moves our envy

less.

Leuconomus (beneath well sounding Greek

I slur a name a poet must not speak) Stood pillorned on infamy's high stage, And bore the pelting scorn of half an age The very butt of slander and the blot For every dart that malice ever shot. The man that mention d him at once dis-

miss d

All mercy from his lips and sneer'd and hased

His crimes were such as Sodom never knew

And perjury stood up to swear all true His aim was muschief and his zeal protonce

His speech rebellion against common sense

A knave when tried on honesty's plain rule

And when by that of reason a mere fool
The world's best comfort was his doom
was pass'd,

Die when he might, he must be damn d

a

(Br60) 8

Now, Truth, perform thine office, waft aside

The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride, Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes

This more than monster in his proper guise

He loved the world that hated him the tear

That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere, Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife, His only answer was a blameless life,

And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,

Had each a brother's interest in his heart Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,

Were copied close in him, and well transcribed

He followed Paul, his zeal a kindred flame,

His apostolic charity the same

Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,

Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease,

Like him he labour'd, and like him content

To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went

Blush calumny! and write upon his tomb

If honest culogy can spare thee room Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies, Which aim d at him, have pierced the offended skies

And say Blot out my sin confess d deplored,

Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord!"

No blinder bigot, I maintain it still, Than he who must have pleasure, come what will

He laughs whatever weapon Truth may draw

And deems her sharp artillery mere straw Scripture indeed is plain but God and he On Scripture ground are sure to disagree Some wiser rule must teach him how to live.

Than that has Maker has seen fit to give Supple and flexible as Indian cane, To take the bend his appetites ordain Contrived to suit frail Nature's crazy case. And reconcile fits lusts with saving grace. By this with nucle precision of design He draws upon life's map a zg-sag line. That shows how far tis safe to follow sin And where his danger and God's wrath begin.

83

By this he forms, as pleased he sports along,

His well-poised estimate of right and wrong,

And finds the modish manners of the day, Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play

Build by whatever plan caprice decrees, With what materials, on what ground you please,

Your hope shall stand unblamed, perhaps admired,

If not that hope the Scripture has required

The strange concerts, vain projects, and wild dreams,

With which hypocrisy for ever teems, (Though other follies strike the public eye, And raise a laugh) pass unmolested by But if, unblameable in word and thought, A man arise, a man whom God has taught, With all Elijah's dignity of tone, And all the love of the beloved John, To storm the citadels they build in air, And smite the untemper'd wall 'tis death to spare,

To sweep away all refuges of lies, And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,

LAMA SABACHTHANI before their eyes,

To prove that without Christ all gain is loss

All hope despair that stands not on His

Except the few his God may have impress d

A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.

Throughout mankind the Christian kind at least

There dwells a consciousness in every breast.

That folly ends where genuine hope be gune

And he that finds his heaven must lose his suns.

Nature opposes with her utmost force This riving stroke this ultimate divorce And, while Religion seems to be her view Hates with a deep sincerity the true For this, of all that ever influenced man

Since Abel worshipp d or the world be gan

This only spares no lust, admits no plea, But makes him if at all completely free Sounds forth the signal as she mounts her car

Of an eternal universal war-Rejects all treaty penetrates all wiles, Scorns with the same indifference frowns and smiles

- Drives through the realms of sin, where riot reeds,
- And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels1
- Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,
- Powers of the mind, ind feelings of the heart,
- Insensible of Truth's almighty charms,
- Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms 1
- While Bigotry, with well dissembled fears, His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears, Mighty to parry and push by God's word, With senseless noise, his argument the sword.
- Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace, And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face
 - Parent of Hope, immortal Truth¹ make known
- Thy deathless wreaths and triumphs all thine own
- The silent progress of thy power is such, Thy means so feeble, and despised so much,
- That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
- And none can teach them but whom thou hast taught

Oh see me sworn to serve thee and command

A painter's skill into a poet s hand!

That while I trembling trace a work divine

Fancy may stand aloof from the design

And light and shade and every stroke be

thine

If ever thou hast felt another's pain
If ever when he sighd hast sighd again
If ever on thy eyelid stood a tear
That pity had eugender'd drop one here
This man was happy—had the world's

good word And with it every joy it can afford Friendship and love seemd tenderly at strife.

Which most should sweeten his untroubled

Politely learn d, and of a gentle race Good breeding and good sense gave all a crace.

And whether at the toilet of the fair He laugh d and trifled made him welcome there

Or if in masculine debate he shared, Ensured him mute attention and regard. Alas how changed! Expressive of his mind.

His eyes are sunk, arms folded head

Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,

Though whisper'd, plainly tell what works within,

That conscience there performs her proper part,

And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart!

Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,

He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends,

Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,

And harder still as learnt beneath despair! His hours no longer pass unmark'd away, A dark importance saddens every day,

He hears the notice of the clock, perplex'd,

And cries, "Perhaps eternity strikes next!" Sweet music is no longer music here,

And laughter sounds like madness in his ear His grief the world of all her power dis-

Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms

arms.

God's holy word, once trivial in his view, Now by the voice of his experience true, Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone Must spring that hope he pants to make his own

Now let the bright reverse be known abroad

Say man s a worm and power belongs to God.

As when a felon whom his country's laws Have justly doomd for some atroclous CHUSE

Expects in darkness and heart chilling fenrs

The shameful close of all his misspent venrs

If chance on heavy pinions slowly borne A tempest usher in the dreaded morn

Upon his dungeon walls the lightning play

The thunder seems to summon hun awar The warder at the door his key applies Shoots back the bolt and all his courage dies

If then just then, all thoughts of mercy lost

When Hope long lingering at last yields the chost

The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear

He drops at once his fetters and his fear-A transport glows in all he looks and spenks

And the first thankful tears bedew his checks

- Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
- The comfort of a few poor added days,
- Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
- Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole
- 'T is heaven, all heaven, descending on the wings
- Of the glad legions of the King of kings, 'T is more,—'t is God diffused through every part,
- 'Tis God Himself triumphant in his heart Oh welcome now the sun's once hated light,
- His noonday beams were never half so bright
- Not kindred minds alone are call'd to employ
- Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy,
- Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
- Rocks, groves, and streams must join him in his praise
 - These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,
- The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth,
- These move the censure and illiberal grin Of fools that hate thee and delight in sin

But these shall last when night has quench d the pole

And heaven is all departed as a scroll.

And when as justice has long since decreed.

This earth shall blaze and a new world succeed

Then these thy glorious works and they who share

That hope which can alone exclude despair

Shall live exempt from weakness and decay

The brightest wonders of an endless day Happy the bard (if that fair name belong

To him that blends no fable with his song)

Whose lines, uniting by an honest art The fauthful monitors and poets part Seek to delight that they may mend mankind

And while they captivate inform the mind

Still happier if he till a thankful soil.

And fruit reward his honourable toil
But happier far who comfort those that
wait

To hear plain truth at Judah a hallow'd gate

Their language simple, as their manners meek,

No shining ornaments have they to seek, Nor labour they, nor time, nor talents, waste,

In sorting flowers to suit a fickle taste, But, while they speak the wisdom of the skies,

Which art can only darken and disguise, The abundant harvest, recompense divine, Repays their work—the gleaning only mine.

Charity

THE ARGUMENT

ø

Invocation to Charity-Social time-Tribute to the hussains of Cantain Cook-His character contrasted with that of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico-Degradation of Scale-Persons of commerce-Gifts of art-The slavetrade and elevery-Slavery manataral and mcChristian-The duty of abstine the wors of that state, and of ea-Saturating the mind of the slave, enforced-Apostrophe to Liberty-Charity of Howard-Pensalis of Philosophy -Resent learns nothing aright walcut the lamp of Revelation-True charity the officering of Drylos truth-Suppossel case of blind nation and an optician-Portrait of Charley-Beauty of the Apostle definition of k-Ahns as the means of hilling conscience-Proje and estentation -Character of entire-True charity inculcated-Christian tharby should be endversal-Happy effects that would result from indivensal characty

> Que sibil resjue meliusve terris Fata donavêre, bosique divi Nec dabant, quantrie redesirt sa aurura Tempora triacuna.

> > How Hh iv Ode a

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait On man's most dignified and happiest state,

Whether we name thee Charity or Love, Chief grace below, and all in all above, Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea) A task I venture on, impell'd by thee Oh never seen but in thy blest effects, Or felt but in the soul that Heaven selects, Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known

To other hearts, must have thee in his own

Come, prompt me with benevolent desires, Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires, And, though disgraced and slighted, to redeem

A poet's name, by making thee the theme God, working ever on a social plan,

By various ties attaches man to man He made at first, though free and unconfined.

One man the common father of the kind, That every tribe, though placed as he sees best,

Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,

Differing in language, manners, or in face,

Might feel themselves allied to all the race When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just

As ever mingled with heroic dust-

Steer d Britain's oak into a world un known

And in his country s glory sought his own Wherever he found man to nature true The rights of man were sacred in his view. He soothed with gifts, and greeted with a smile,

The simple native of the new found isle He spurnd the wretch that slighted or withstood

The tender argument of kindred blood Nor would endure that any should control His freeborn brethren of the southern pole

Again-the band of commerce was design d

To associate all the branches of mankind And if a boundless plenty be the robe Trade is the golden girdle of the globe Wise to promote whatever end he means God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes Each climate needs what other climes produce

And offers something to the general use No land but listens to the common call. And In return receives supply from all. This genial intercourse and mutual aid Cheers what were else a universal shade Calls Nature from her my-mantled den And softens human rock work into men.

Ingenious Art, with her expressive face, Steps forth to fashion and refine the race,

Not only fills necessity's demand, But overcharges her capacious hand Capricious taste itself can crave no more Than she supplies from her abounding store

She strikes out all that luxury can ask, And gains new vigour at her endless task Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire;

The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre, From her the canvas borrows light and shade,

And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade

She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,

Gives difficulty all the grace of ease, And pours a torrent of sweet notes around, Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the

These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most

Where Commerce has enrich'd the busy coast,

He catches all improvements in his flight, Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,

96

Imports what others have invented well And stirs his own to match them or excel. Tis thus reciprocating each with each Alternately the nations learn and teach While Providence enjoins to every soul A union with the vast terraqueous whole Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly un-Girl d

To furnish and accommodate a world To give the pole the produce of the sun And knit the unsocial climates into one Soft surs und gentle heavings of the wave Impel the fleet whose errand is to save To succour wasted regions and replace The smile of opulence in surrows face, Let nothing adverse nothing unforeseen Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene

Charged with a freight transcending in its worth

The cems of India Nature's rarest birth That flies like Gabriel on his Lord's com munds

A herald of God's love to pagan lands! But all! what wish can prosper or what

praver For merchants rich in cargoes of despair Who drive a loathsome traffic gauge and

soon And buy the muscles and the bones of man? (p réo) 97

The tender ties of father, husband, friend, All bonds of nature, in that moment end, And each endures, while yet he draws his breath.

A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death The sable warrior, frantic with regret Of her he loves, and never can forget, Loses in tears the far receding shore, But not the thought that they must meet no more,

Deprived of her and freedom at a blow, What has he left that he can yet forego? Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd, He feels his body's bondage in his mind, Puts off his generous nature, and, to suit His manners with his fate, puts on the brute

Oh most degrading of all ills that wait On man, a mourner in his best estate! All other sorrows virtue may endure, And find submission more than half a cure, Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow'd To improve the fortitude that bears the load, To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,

The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace,

But slavery!—Virtue dreads it as her grave

Patience itself is meanness in a slave,

Or if the will and sovereignty of God Bid suffer it a while and kiss the rod Wait for the dawning of a brighter day And snap the chain the moment when you may

Nature imprints upon whate er we see That has a heart and life in it. Be free! The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force.

Can quell the love of freedom in a horse He breaks the cord that held him at the

And, conscious of an unencumber'd back Smills up the morning air forgets the real Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane Responsive to the distant neigh he neights Nor stops, till overleaping all delays

He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou and honour'd with a Christian name.

Buy what is woman born and feel no shame?

Trade in the blood of innocence and plead Expedience as a warrant for the deed? So may the wolf whom famine has made bold

To quit the forest and invade the fold So may the ruffian who with ghostly gilde, Dagger in hand steals close to your bed side

Not he, but his emergence forced the door,

He found it inconvenient to be poor Has God then given its sweetness to the cane.

Unless His laws be trampled on—in vain? Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,

Unless His right to rule it be dismiss'd? Impudent blasphemy! So folly pleads,

And, avarice being judge, with ease succeeds

But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,

That man make man his prey, because he must,

Still there is room for pity to abate
And soothe the sorrows of so sad a state
A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,
The Scripture placed within his reach, he
ought,

That souls have no discriminating hue, Alike important in their Maker's view, That none are free from blemish since the fall,

And love divine has paid one price for all

The wretch that works and weeps without relief

Has one that notices his silent grief

He from whose hand alone all power proceeds

Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds Considers all injustice with a frown But marks the man that treads his fellow down.

Begone!--the whip and bell in that hard hand

Are hateful ensigns of usurp d command, Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim To scourge him weariness his only blame Remember. Heaven has an avenging rod To smite the poor is treason against (soil)

Trouble is grudglingly and hardly brook d While file's sublimest joys are overlook d We wander o er a sunburnt thirsty soil Marmaring and weary of our daily toil Forget to enjoy the palm-tree's offer d

shade

Or taste the fountain in the neighbouring glade;

Else who would lose that laid the power to Improve

The occasion of fransmuting fear to love? Oir tis a godfike privilege to savel And he that scorns it is himself a slave inform his mind one flash of heavenly

Would heal his heart and melt his chains away

CHARIIY

"Beauty for islies" is a gift indeed, And slaves, by truth enlarged are doubly freed

Then would be say, submissive it this for, While gratitude and love made service sweet,

"My dear deliverer out of hopeless night, Whose bounty hought in but to give melight,

I was a bondman on my native plant, Sin torged, and ignorance made fist, the chain,

Thy hps have shed instruction is the dewaraught me what path to shun, and what pursue,

Farcwell my former joys' I sigh no more I or Africa's once loved, benighted shore, Serving a benefactor, I am free,

At my best home, if not exiled from thee "
Some men make gain a fountain, whence
proceeds

A stream of liberal and heroic deeds, The swell of pity, not to be confined Within the scinty limits of the mind, Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,

A rich deposit, on the bordering lands These have an ear for His paternal call, Who makes some rich for the supply of all,

God's gift with pleasure in His praise employ

And Thornton is familiar with the joy
Oh could I worship aught beneath the

That earth has seen or fancy can de-

vise Thine altar sacred Liberty should stand,

Built by no mercenary vulgar hand With fragrant turf and flowers as wild and fair

As ever dress d a bank, or scented summer air

Duly as ever on the mountain's height The peep of morning shed a dawning light.

Again when evening in her sober vest Drew the gray curtain of the fading west My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise

For the chief blessings of my fairest days But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine.

But His who gave thee and preserves thee mine

Else I would say and as I spake bid fly A captive bird into the boundless sky This triple realm adores thee—thou art

come

From Sparta hither and art here at home.

We feel thy force still active, at this hour Enjoy immunity from priestly power, While conscience, happier than in ancient years,

Owns no superior but the God she fears Propitious spirit! yet expunge a wrong Thy rights have suffer'd, and our land, too long

Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share

The fears and hopes of a commercial care Prisons expect the wicked, and were built To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt, But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,

Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood, And honest merit stands on slippery ground, Where covert guile and artifice abound Let just restraint, for public peace design'd, Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind.

The foe of virtue has no claim to thee, But let insolvent innocence go free"

Patron of else the most despised of men, Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen, Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed, Should be the guerdon of a noble deed, I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame (Charity chosen as my theme and aim) I must incur, forgetting Howard's name

CH4RITY

Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign

Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,

To quit the blue thy rural scenes bestow To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe,

To traverse seas range kingdoms and bring home

Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome

But knowledge such as only dungeons teach

And only sympathy like thine could reach That grief, sequester'd from the public

stage, Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage.

Speaks a divine ambition and a real.

The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.

Oh that the voice of clamour and debate, That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state

Were hush d in favour of thy generous plea

The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!

Philosophy that does not dream or stray Walks arm in arm with Nature all his way

105

Compasses earth, dives into it, ascends
Whatever steep inquiry recommends,
Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll
Round other systems under her control,
Drinks wisdom at the *milky stream of
light,

That cheers the silent journey of the night, And brings at his return a bosoni charged With rich instruction, and a soul enlarged The treasured sweets of the capacious plan

That Heaven spreads wide before the view of man

All prompt his pleased pursuit, and to pursue

Still prompt him, with a pleasure always new,

He too has a connecting power, and draws
Man to the centre of the common cause,
Aiding a dubious and deficient sight
With a new medium and a purer light
All truth is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the powers must needs
refine

He reads the skies, and, watching every change,

Provides the faculties an ampler range, And wins mankind, as his attempts prevail,

A prouder station on the general scale

But Reason trial unferror has ght What et a fearn has in no leg a

she ourts

The lamp of traviation on a street What human washers cann 4 but crosses. That man in nature such extends clad. And graved with a 1 plane, or can add. Those healt without and duminous with mean that the progents and hear of in. Thus taught down fall it is unsize of

this pay t

He feel h need fan weret ne gu. And komme this filting he dull sie no more

Unit a the power that I d him said

This i indeed of tower by the learner to

Mak a washers worthy of the name has own. And without this whatever by discu

And without this whatever he does with Whether the space Letween the stars and u

Whitherh measure oth comput theses. We shi sun sams carry a fly or spit a flea.

The science is fler as thele beasted will Tell much and is a stem titler still fill of was be born and his misquided yet Grown dim in triffing studies. Mail he dies

Self-knowledge truly learn'd of course implies

The rich possession of a nobler prize, For self to self, and God to man, reveal'd, (Two themes to Nature's eye for ever seal'd,)

Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace

From the same centre of enlightening grace.

Here stay thy foot, how copious, and how clear,

The o'erflowing well of Charity springs here!

Hark! 'tis the music of a thousand rills, Some through the groves, some down the sloping hills,

Winding a secret or an open course, And all supplied from an eternal source

The ties of nature do but feebly bind,

And commerce partially reclaims, man-kind,

Philosophy, without his heavenly guide, May blow up self-concert, and nourish pride,

But, while his province is the reasoning part,

Has still a veil of midnight on his heart 'Tis Truth divine exhibited on earth, Gives Charity her being and her birth

(RAFIT)

Suppose (when th apht is waren and fancy flows

What will not argument sometimes sup-

And I promote the state of early and Endand with the series of the state of the sta

He claps holes of hards these mas see Close to the part where a rea rought to be

But first that though his turns a filtre

They carnot give it or mak disknot light

He made use lectures and distribu-

A sense they know not to the a adming

He talks of I ght and the prematic burs As men of depth in eru. I will

But all he same for la barangue is.
N. II

What monitrous I c some trai liers will till "

The soul whose eight all quickening prace i news

Takes the cesemble nee of the good the

As diamonds stripp'd of their opaque disguise,

Reflect the noonday glory of the skies She speaks of Him, her author, guardian, friend,

Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,

In language warm as all that love inspires, And, in the glow of her intense desires, Pants to communicate her noble fires She sees a world stark blind to what em-

ploys

Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys,

Though wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,

Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all

Herself as weak as her support is strong, She feels that frailty she denied so long, And, from a knowledge of her own disease,

Learns to compassionate the sick she sees Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence, The reign of genuine Charity commence Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears, She still is kind, and still she perseveres, The Truth she loves, a sightless world blaspheme,

'T is childish dotage, a delirious dream!

The danger they discern not they deny Laugh at their only remedy and die. But still a soul thus touch d can never crass.

Whoever threatens war to speak of peace. Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild, Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child

She makes excuses where she might condemn

Reviled by those that hate her prays for them

Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast, The worst suggested, she believes the hest.

Not soon provoked however stung and teased.

And If perhaps made angry soon appearsed She rather waives than will dispute her right

And injured makes forgiveness her dehight.

Such was the portrait an apostle drew The bright original was one he knew

Heaven held his hand the likeness must be true.

When one, that holds communion with the skies,

Has fill d his urn where these pure waters

And once more mingles with us meaner things,

'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings, Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,

That tells us whence his treasures are supplied

So when a ship, well freighted with the stores

The sun matures on India's spicy shores, Has dropp'd her anchor, and her canvas furl'd,

In some safe haven of our western world, 'T were vain inquiry to what port she went,

The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

Some seek, when queasy conscience has its qualms,

To lull the painful malady with alms, But Charity not feign'd intends alone Another's good—theirs centres in their own.

And, too short-lived to reach the realms of peace,

Must cease for ever when the poor shall cease

Flavia, most tender of her own good name, Is rather careless of her sister's fame Her superfluity the poor supplies, But, if she touch a character, it dies

The seeming virtue weighd against the vice

She deems all safe for she has paid the

No chanty but aims aught values she Except in porcelain on her mantel-tree. How many deeds with which the world

has rung From pride, in league with ignorance have

sprung!
But God o errules all human follies still
And bends the tough materials to His will.
A configuration or a wintry flood

Has left some hundreds without home or

food Extravagance and Avarice shall subscribe,

While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.

The brief proclaim d it visits every pew

The brief proclaim d it visits every pew But first the squires a compliment but due

With slow deliberation he unties His glittering purse that envy of all

eyes!

And while the clerk just puzzles out the
psalm

Slides guines behind guines in his palm Till finding what he might have found before,

A smaller piece amidst the precious store,

Pinch'd close between his finger and his thumb,

He half exhibits, and then drops the sum Gold, to be sure!—Throughout the town 't is told

How the good squire gives never less than gold

From motives such as his, though not the best,

Springs in due time supply for the distress'd,

Not less effectual than what love bestows, Except that Office clips it as it goes

But lest I seem to sin against a friend, And wound the grace I mean to recommend,

(Though vice derided with a just design Implies no trespass against love divine,) Once more I would adopt the graver style,

A teacher should be sparing of his smile Unless a love of virtue light the flame, Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame,

He hides behind a magisterial air His own offences, and strips others bare, Affects indeed a most humane concern, That men, if gently tutor'd, will not learn, That mulish folly, not to be reclaim'd By softer methods, must be made ashamed,

But (1 might instance in St. Patricks dean)

Too often ratis to gratify his spleen. Most saturists are indeed a public scourge Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge Their acrid temper turns as soon as stirrd.

The milk of their good purpose all to curd. Their zeal begotten as their works re-

hearse, By lean despair upon an empty purse The wild assassins start into the street Prepared to ponlard whomsocer they meet.

No skill in swordmanship however just Can be secure against a madman s thrust And even virtue so unfairly match d, Although immortal may be pricked or seratch d.

When scandal has new minted an old lie Or tax d invention for a fresh supply T is call d a satire and the world appears

appears
Gathering around it with erected ears
A thousand names are tossed into the
crowd

Some whisper'd softly and some twang d

Just as the sapience of an author's brain Successe it safe or dancerous to be plain

Strange! how the frequent interjected dash Quickens a market, and helps off the trash,

The important letters, that include the rest,

Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd, Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw, The world is charm'd, and Scrib escapes the law

So, when the cold damp shades of night prevail,

Worms may be caught by either head or tail,

Forcibly drawn from many a close recess, They meet with little pity, no redress,

Plunged in the stream, they lodge upon the mud,

Food for the famish'd rovers of the flood All zeal for a reform, that gives offence To peace and charity, is mere pretence A bold remark, but which, if well applied,

Would humble many a towering poet's pride

Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit, And had no other play-place for his wit, Perhaps, enchanted with the love of fame, He sought the jewel in his neighbour's shame,

Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue, The cause of virtue could not be his view

At every stroke wit flashes in our eyes. The turns are quick, the polish d points surprise

But shine with cruel and tremendous

charms
That while they please, possess us with

So have I seen (and hasten'd to the sight On all the wings of holiday delight) Where stands that monument of ancient

power Named with emphatic dignity the Tower Guns halberts, swords and pastols, great

and small
In starry forms disposed upon the wall
We wonder as we gazing stand below
That beass and steet should make so fine

a show
But, though we praise the exact designer s

skill
Account them implements of mischief still,
No works shall find acceptance in that

day
When all disguises shall be rent away
That square not truly with the Scripture

plan

Nor spring from love to God or love to

man.

As He ordains things sordid in their birth To be resolved into their parent earth

And though the soul shall seek superior orbs,

Whate'er this world produces, it absorbs, So self starts nothing, but what tends apace

Home to the goal, where it began the

Such as our motive is, our aim must be, If this be servile, that can ne'er be free if self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought, We glorify that self, not Him we ought, Such virtues had need prove their own reward,

The Judge of all men owes them no regard True Charity, a plant divinely nursed, Fed by the love from which it rose at first, Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,

Storms but enliven its unfading green, Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,

Its fruit on earth, its growth above the

- To look on Him who form'd us and redeem'd,
- So glorious now, though once so disesteem'd,
- To see a God stretch forth His human hand,
- To uphold the boundless scenes of His command,

To recollect that, in a form like ours, He brussed beneath his feet the infernal powers.

Captivity led captive, rose to claim
The wreath He won so dearly in our

That throned above all height, He condescends

To call the few that trust in Him His friends

That, in the heaven of beavens that space He deems

Too scanty for the exertion of His beams And shines as if impatient to bestow Life and a kingdom upon worms below That sight imparts a never-dying flame Though feeble in degree, in kind the

Like him the soul, thus kindled from above Spreads wide her arms of universal love And still enlarged as she receives the

grace,

name

Includes creation in her close embrace. Behold a Christian I—and without the fires The founder of that name alone inspires Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet.

To make the studing prodigy complete Whoever boasts that name—behold a chest!

Were love, in these the world's last doting years,

As frequent as the want of it appears,

The churches warm'd, they would no longer hold

Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold, Relenting forms would lose their power, or cease,

And e'en the dipp'd and sprinkled live in peace

Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,

And flow in free communion with the rest The statesman, skill'd in projects dark and deep,

Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep,

His budget, often fill'd, yet always poor, Might swing at ease behind his study adoor,

No longer prey upon our annual rents, Or scare the nation with its big contents Disbanded legions freely might depart, And slaying man would cease to be an

No learned disputants would take the field.

Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield, Both sides deceived, if rightly understood, Pelting each other for the public good

Did Charity prevail the press would prove

A vehicle of virtue truth, and love

And I might spare myself the pains to show

What few can learn and all suppose they know

Thus have I sought to grace a serious lay

With many a wild Indeed, but flowery spray

In hopes to gain what else I must have lost

The extension electure has so much en-

The attention pleasure has so much engross d.

But If unhappily deceived I dream And prove too weak for so divine a theme Let Charity forgive me a mistake That zeal not vanity has chanced to

make, And spare the poet for his subjects sake

Conversation





THE ARGUMENT

In conversation much depends on culture—Its results frequently insignificant-Indecent language and oaths reprobated-The author's dislike of the clash of arguments-The noisy wrangler - Duhius an example of indecision-The positive pronounce without hesitation—The point of honour condemned-Duelling with fists instead of weapons proposed-Effect of long tales-The retailer of prodigies and lies-Oualities of a judicious tale-Smoking condemned-The emphatic speaker—The perfumed beau—The grave coxcomb-Sickness made a topic of conversation-Picture of a fretful temper-The bashful speaker-An English company -The Sportsman-Influence of fashion on conversation-Converse of the two disciples going to Emmaus-Delights of religious conversation-Age mellows the speech-True piety often branded as fanatic frenzy-Pleasure of communion with the good-Conversation should be unconstrained-Persons who make the Bible their companion charged with hypocrisy by the world-The charge repelled -The poet sarcastically surmises that his censure of the world may proceed from ignorance of its reformed manners -An apology for digression-Religion purifies and enriches conversation

"Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri, Nec percussa juvant fluctū tam litora, nec quæ Saxosas inter decurrent flumina valles."

VIRG, Ecl v

Though Nature weigh our talents, and dispense

To every man his modicum of sense,

And Conversation In its better part
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art
Yet much depends as in the tiller's toll |
On culture, and the sowing of the soil
Words fearned by rote a parrot may rehearse.

But talking is not always to converse / Not more distinct from harmony divine. The constant creaking of a country sign. As alphabets in fvory employ

Hour after hour the yet unletter'd boy Sorting and puzzling with a deal of gice Those seeds of science call d has ABC; So language in the mouths of the adult, Witness its insignificant result.

Too often proves an implement of play A toy to sport with and pass time away Collect at evening what the day brought forth

Compress the sum into its solid worth And if it weigh the importance of a fly The scales are files, or algebra a lie. Sacred interpreter of human thought How few respect or use thee as they ought!

But all shall give account of every wrong

Who dara dishonour or defile the tongue Who prostute it in the cause of vice, Or sell their glory at a market-price

Who vote for hire, or point it with lam

The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap

There is a prurience in the speech of

Wrath stays Him, or else God would strike

His wise forbearance has their end in

They fill their measure, and receive their

poon,

buffoon

some,--

view,

them dumb

The heathen lawgivers of ancient days,
Names almost worthy of a Christian's
praise,
Would drive them forth from the resort
of men,
And shut up every satyr in his den
Oh come not ye near innocence and truth,
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth!
Infectious as impure, your blighting power
Taints in its rudiments the promised
flower,
Its odour perish'd and its charming hue,
Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of
you
Not e'en the vigorous and headlong rage
Of adolescence, or a firmer age,
Affords a plea allowable or just
For making speech the pamperer of lust,

124

CON PERSATION

But when the breath of age commits the fault.

Tis nameous as the vapour of a vault. So wither'd stumps disgrace the sylvan score.

No longer fruitful and no longer green; The sapless wood divested of the bark, Grows fungous, and takes fire at every spark.

Oaths terminate as Paul observes all

strile—
Some men have surely then a peaceful life! Whatever subject occupy discourse The feats of Vestris or the naval force, Asseveration blustering in your face. Makes contradiction such a hopeless case in every tale they tell or false or true Well known, or such as no man ever knew They fix attention, heedless of your pain With eaths like rivets forced into the brain

And e en when sober truth prevails throughout.

They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.

A Persian humble servant of the sun Who though devout, yet bigotry had none,

Hearing a lawyer grave in his address, With adjurations every word impress

Supposed the man a bishop, or at least, God's name so much upon his lips, a priest,

Bow'd at the close with all his graceful airs,

And begg'd an interest in his frequent prayers

Go, quit the rank to which ye stood preferr'd,

Henceforth associate in one common herd,

Religion, virtue, reason, common sense, Pronounce your human form a false pretence,

A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks, Who yet betrays his secret by his works

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,

And make colloquial happiness your care, Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,

A duel in the form of a debate

The clash of arguments and jar of words, Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,

Decide no question with their tedious length,

For opposition gives opinion strength, Divert the champions prodigal of breath, And put the peaceably disposed to death

COVI ERSATION

Oh thwart me not, Sir Soph at every

Nor carp at every flaw you may discern Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue

I am not surely always in the wrong Tis hard if all is false that I advance A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Not that all freedom of dissent I blame No—there I grant the privilege I claim. A disputable point is no man's ground Rove where you please 't is common all around.

Discourse may want an animated—ho To brush the surface and to make it flow but still remember if you mean to please To press your point with modesty and ease.

The mark at which my juster aim I take Is contradiction for its own dear sake. Set your opinion at whatever pitch knots and impediments make something

hitch Adopt his own 't's equally in vain Your thread of argument is snapp d again; The wrangler rather than accord with

you
Will judge himself deceived and prove
it too.

Vociferated logic kills me quite, A noisy man is always in the right, I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair, Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare, And, when I hope his blunders are all out, Reply discreetly—"To be sure—no doubt!"

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can

He would not, with a peremptory tone, Assert the nose upon his face his own, With liesitation admirably slow, He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so His evidence, if he were call'd by law To swear to some enormity he saw, For want of prominence and just relief, Would hang an honest man and save a thief

Through constant dread of giving truth offence,

He ties up all his hearers in suspense, Knows what he knows as if he knew it not,

What he remembers seems to have forgot, His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall, Centring at last in having none at all Yet, though he tease and balk your listening ear,

He makes one useful point exceeding clear,

CONT RRSATION

Howe er ingenious on his darling theme A sceptic in philosophy may seem Reduced to practice, his beloved rule Would only prove him a consummate fool Heeless in him alike both beam and speech

Fate having placed all truth above his reach

His ambiguities his total sum He might as well be blind and deaf and dumb.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way

The positive pronounce without dismay Their want of light and intellect supplied By sperks absurdity strikes out of pride, Without the means of knowing right from WYORK

They always are decisive, clear and etrong

Where others tell with philosophic force, Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter COLUMN

Flings at your head conviction in the

lump And gains remote conclusions at a nump Their own defect, invisible to them Seen in another they at once condemn And, though self-idolized in every case, Hate their own likeness in a brother's face. n 160)

The cause is plain, and not to be denied, The proud are always most provoked by pride

Few competitions but engender spite, And those the most, where neither has a right

The Point of Honour has been deem'd of use,

To teach good manners, and to curb abuse Admit it true, the consequence is clear, Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear, And at the bottom barbarous still and rude.

We are restrain'd indeed, but not subdued. The very remedy, however sure,

Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,

And savage in its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears
'T is hard, indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end,
That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in
peace

Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show The practice dastardly, and mean, and low,

That men engage in it compell'd by force, And fear, not courage, is its proper source,

The fear of tyrant custom and the fear Lest fops should censure us and fools should sneer

At least to trample on our Maker's laws, And hazard life for any or no cause, To rush into a fix d eternal state. Out of the very flames of rage and hate, Or send another shivering to the bar With all the guit of such unnatural war Whatever use may urge, or honour plead, On reason's verdict is a madman seed. Am I to set my life upon a throw Because a bear is rude and surly? No—A moral, seesible, and well bred man Will not affront me, and no other can. Were I empower'd to regulate the list. They should encounter with well-loaded

fists
A Trojan combat would be something

new
Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue,
Then each might show to his admiring

friends
In honourable bumps his rich amends,
And carry in contunions of his akull
A satisfactory receipt in full.

A story in which native humour reigns is often useful always entertains A graver fact, enlisted on your side May furnish illustration well applied

But sedentary weavers of long tales Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails

'T is the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations, dull and dry,
Embellish'd with — He said, — and, So
said I

At every interview their route the same, The repetition makes attention laine We bustle up with unsuccessful speed, And in the saddest part cry — "Droll indeed!"

The path of narrative with care pursue, Still making probability your clue, On all the vestiges of truth attend, And let them guide you to a decent end Of all ambitions man may entertain, The worst that can invade a sickly brain Is that which angles hourly for surplise, And baits its hook with prodigies and lies

Credulous infancy, or agé as weak, Are fittest auditors for such to seek, Who to please others will themselves disgrace,

Yet please not, but affront you to your face

A great retailer of this curious ware, Having unloaded and made many stare,

CONTERS 17 ION

Can thus be true?"-an arch observer cries:

Yes," (rather moved) I saw it with these eyes!" Sir! I believe it on that ground alone:

I could not, had I seen it with my own." A tale should be judicious clear suc canct t

The language plain and incidents well linked

Tell not as new what everybody knows, And, new or old still hasten to a close There centring in a focus round and neat Let all your rays of information meet. What neither yields us profit nor delight Is like a nurses fullaby at night

Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore. Or giant-killing Jack would please me more.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff Makes half a sentence at a time enough The dorner sages drop the drowsy strain Then pause, and puff-and speak, and pause again.

Such often like the tube they so admire, Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annovs.

Unfriendly to society's chief joys

Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours,
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener
wants

To poison vermin that infest his plants, But are we so to wit and beauty blind, As to despise the glory of our kind, And show the softest minds and fairest forms

As little mercy as to grubs and worms? They dare not wait the riotous abuse Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce.

When wine has given indecent language birth,

And forced the floodgates of licentious mirth,

For seaborn Venus her attachment shows Still to that element from which she rose,

And, with a quiet which no fumes disturb, Sips meek infusions of a milder herb

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,

In contact inconvenient, nose to nose, As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz, Touch'd with the magnet, had attracted his

His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large, Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,

An extract of his diary—no more
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walk d abroad o ertaken in the rain
Call do na friend, drank ten, stepp d home
again

Resumed his purpose had a world of talk

With one he stumbled on and lost his walk.

I interrupt him with a sudden bow Adieu dear Sirl lest you should lose it now "

I cannot talk with civet in the room
A fine puss gentleman that s all perfume;
The sight s enough—no need to smell n
beau-

Who thrusts his head loto a raree-show? His odoriferous attempts to please Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of hees

But we that make no honey though we

sting
Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the
thing

The wrong to bring into a mixed resort.

What makes some sick and others à-la mort.

An argument of cogence we may say
Why such a one should keep himself

```
CONTERS.1 TOW
                          may sometimes
  A graver coxcomb we
    see,
                         ot so light as he
Quite as absurd, though n
                          serious mask.
A shallow brain behind a
                         tv cask.
An oracle within an employ and budge,
The solemit fop, signification
                         rst fools a judge
A fool with judges, among at little said
He says but little, and the loaded dice, to
Owes all is weight, like
    lead
                         s looks to come,
His wit invites you by hipever is at home
But when you knock it is by the stage,
Tis like a parcel sent yo
                          as your hopes
Some handsome present,
    presage,
                         ids fair to prove
Tis heavy bulky, and b
                          and love.
An absent friend's fidelity disappointment
But when unpack'd you
    groans
                         kbats, earth, and
To find it stuff'd with brid
    stones
                          health, an ugly
  Some me'n employ them
    trick.
                         it they have been
In making known how of
    sick.
                         of disease.
And give us, in recitals
                         nthout the fees.
A doctor's trouble, but v
                         they kept their
Relate how many weeks
```

tic sped,

bed.

How an ernetic or catha

CONTERS 1110N

Nothing is slightly touchd much less forgot, Nose ears and eyes seem present on the soot.

Now the distemper spite of draught or pill

pill Victorious seemd and now the doctors

Victorious seemd and now the doctors
skill
And now—alas, for unforeseen mishaps!

They put on a damp nightcap and relapse
They thought they must have died they
were so bad

Their poevish hearers almost wish they had. Some fretful tempers wince at every touch

touch
You always do too little or too much
You speak with life in hopes to entertain
Your elevated voice goes through the

brain;
You fall at once into a lower key

That s worse—the drone-pipe of an humble

The southern sash admits too strong a light,

You use and drop the curtain-now 't is

He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive

To make a blaze - that's roasting him alive.

Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish,

With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish

He takes what he at first profess'd to loathe,

And in due time feeds heartily on both, Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,

He does not swallow, but he gulps it down

Your hope to please him vain on every plan,

Himself should work that wonder, if he can-

Alas! his efforts double his distress,

He likes yours little, and his own still less

Thus always teasing others, always teased, His only pleasure is to be displeased

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain

Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,

And bear the marks upon a blushing face Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace

Our sensibilities are so acute,

The fear of being silent makes us mute

We sometimes think we could a speech produce

Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose,

But being tried it dies upon the lip Faint as a chicken a note that has the pip Our wasted oil unprofitably burns, Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns. Few Frenchmen of this evil have complaind

It seems as If we Britons were ordain d
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride
To fear each other fearing none beside
The cause perhaps inquiry may descry
Self-searching with an introverted eye
Conceal d within an unsuspected part
The valuest corner of our own vain heart
For ever aiming at the world's esteem
Our self importance runns its own scheme
In other eyes our talents rarely shown
Become at length so plendid in our own
We dare not risk them into public view
Lest they miscarry of what seems their
due.

True modesty is a descerning grace
And only blushes in the proper place
But counterfeit is blind and skulks
through fear

Where 'tis g shame to be ashamed to appear

Humility the parent of the first.
The last by Vanlty produced and nursed.
The circle form d we sit in allent state.
Like figures drawn upon o dial plate;

Yes, ma'am, and No, ma'am, utter'd softly, show

Every five minutes how the minutes go
Each individual, suffering a constraint
Poetry may, but colours cannot, paint,
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry,
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection and well-timed discourse

We next inquire, but softly and by stealth, Like conservators of the public health, Of epidemic throats, if such there are, Of coughs and rheums, and phthisic and catarrh

That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,

Fill'd up at last with interesting news, Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,

And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed

But fear to call a more important cause, As if 't were treason against English laws The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,

As from a seven years' transportation, home,

And there resume an unembarrass'd brow, Recovering what we lost, we know not how,

The faculties that seem'd reduced to nought

Expression and the privilege of thought.
The recking roaning here of the chase,
I give him over as a desperate case.
Physicians write in hope to work a cure,
Never if honest ones, when death is
sure.

And though the fox he follows may be tamed

A mere fox follower never is reclaim d. Some farrier should prescribe his proper course.

Whose only fit companion is his horse, Or if deserving of a better doom

The noble beast judge otherwise, his

Yet een the rogue that serves him, though he stand

To take his honour's orders cap in hand Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good sense.

Their skill a truth his master's a pretence.

If neither horse nor groom affect the source.

Where can at last his jockeyship retire? Oh to the club, the scene of savage joys,

The school of coarse good fellowship and

There, in the 'sweet society of those

Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,

Let him improve his talent if he can,

Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man

Man's heart had been impenetrably seal'd,

Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the field,

Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand Given him a soul, and bade him understand,

The reasoning power vouchsafed, of course inferr'd

The power to clothe that reason with his word,

For all is perfect that God works on earth,

And He that gives conception aids the birth

If this be plain, 't is plainly understood, What uses of His boon the Giver would The mind, despatch'd upon her busy toil,

Should range where Providence has bless'd the soil.

Visiting every flower with labour meet, And gathering all her treasures sweet by sweet,

CONTTRSATION

She should imbue the tongue with what she sins And shed the balmy blessing on the lips That good diffused may more abundant

crow

And speech may praise the power that hids it flow

Will the sweet warbler of the livelong

night. That fills the listening lover with delight, Forget his harmony with rapture heard To learn the twittering of a meaner bird? Or make the parrots municry his choice

That odigus libel on a human voice? No-Nature unsophisticate by man Starts not aside from her Creator's plant

The melody that was at first design d To cheer the rude forefathers of manhobl

Is note for note deliver'd in our ears In the last scene of her six thousand

venrs. Let Fashion leader of a chattering train, Whom man for his own hurt permits to

relen. Who shifts and changes all things but his

shape.

And would degrade her votary to an ape, The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong Holds a usurp d dominion o er his tongue

CONVERSATIO V

There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,

Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,

And, when accomplish'd in her wayward school,

Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool 'T is an unalterable fix'd decree,

That none could frame or ratify but she, That heaven and hell, and righteousness and sin,

Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,

God and His attributes, (a field of day Where 't is an angel's happiness to stray,) Fruits of His love and wonders of His might,

Be never named in ears esteem'd polite, That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,

Shall stand proscribed, a madman or a knave,

A close designer not to be believed,

Or, if excused that charge, at least deceived

Oh folly worthy of the nurse's lap,

Give it the breast, or stop its mouth with pap!

Is it incredible, or can it seem

· A dream to any except those that dream,

That man should love his Maker and that fire.

Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire?

Know then and modestly let fall your eyes

And vell your daring crest that braves the skies

That air of insolence affronts your God You need His pardon and provoke His rod

Now in a posture that becomes you more Than that heroic strut assumed before Know your arrears with every hour accrue For mercy shown while wrath is justly due.

The time is short, and there are souls on earth

Though future pain may serve for present mirth

Acquainted with the woes that fear or shame.

By fashion taught forbade them once to name

And, having felt the pungs you deem a jest

Have proved them truths too big to be express d.

Go seek on revelations hallow d ground
Sure to succeed the remedy they found
(**160) 246 L

- Touch'd by that power that you have dared to mock,
- That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,
- Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,
- That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream
 - It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
- Soon after He that was our surety died,
- Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
- The scene of all those sorrows left behind, Sought their own village, busied as they went
- In musings worthy of the great event
- They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
- Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
- Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
- A deep memorial graven on their hearts The recollection, like a vein of ore,
- The farther traced, enrich'd them still the more,
- They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, one
- Sent to do more than He appear'd to have done,

CO VI ERSATION

To exalt a people and to place them high Above all else and wonder'd He should die.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an

end
A stranger join d them courteous as n
friend

And askd them with a kind engaging

What their affliction was and begg d a share.

Inform d, He gather'd up the broken thread

And truth and wesdom gracing all He

Explain'd illustrated and search d so well
The tender theme on which they chose to
dwell

That reaching home The night " they said is near

We must not now be parted sojourn here "-

The new nequaintance soon became a guest,

And made so welcome at their simple feast

He bless d the bread but vanish'd at the word

And left them both exclaiming Twas

- Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say,
- Did they not burn within us by the way?"
 - Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
- Man to maintain, and such as God approves
- Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
- But yet successful, being aim'd at Him Christ and His character their only scope,
- Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
- They felt what it became them much to feel,
- And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
- Found Him as prompt, as their desire was true,
- To spread the new-born glories in their view
- Well—what are ages and the lapse of time, Match'd against truths as lasting as sublime?
- Can length of years on God Himself exact?

 Or inake that fiction which was once a fact?
- No-marble and recording brass decay, And, like the graver's memory, pass away,

The works of man inherit, as is just, Their author's failty and return to dust But truth divine for ever stands secure, Its head is guarded as its base is sure Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years, The pillar of the eternal plan appears, The raving storm and dashing wave defices.

Built by that Architect who built the skies. Hearts may be found, that harbour at this

The love of Christ, in all its quickening power

And lips unstain'd by folly or by strife Whose wasdom drawn from the deep well of life.

Tastes of its healthful origin and flows A Jordan for the ablution of our woes. O days of heaven, and nights of equal praise,

Serene and peaceful as those heavenly

When souls drawn upwards in communon

Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat Discourse, as if released and safe at home, Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come And spread the sacred treasures of the breast

Upon the lap of covenanted rest!

What, always dreaming over heavenly things,

Like angel-heads in stone with pigeonwings?

Canting and whining out all day the word, And half the night? fanatic and absurd! Mine be the friend less frequent in his prayers,

Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,

Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day, And chase the splenetic dull hours away, Content on earth in earthly things to shine,

Who waits for heaven ere he becomes divine,

Leaves saints to enjoy those altitudes they teach.

And plucks the fruit placed more within his reach

Well spoken, advocate of sin and shame, Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name

Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right?

The fix'd fee-simple of the vain and light? Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an hour,

That comes to waft us out of sorrow's power,

Obscure or quench a faculty that finds Its happiest soil in the serenest minds? Religion curbs indeed its wanton play And brings the trifler under rigorous suny But gives it usefulness unknown before And ourifying makes it shine the more-A Christian s wit is inoffensive light

A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight

Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth Tis always active on the side of truth Temperance and peace ensure its healthful etote

And make it brightest at its latest date Oh I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain-Ere life go down to see such sights again) A veteran warmer in the Christian field Who never saw the sword he could not wield

Grave without duiness, learned without pride

Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen eved

A man that would have foll d at their own play

A dozen would-be s of the modern day Who when occasion justified its use Had wit as bright as ready to produce Could fetch from records of an earlier age Or from philosophy's enlighten d page 141

His rich materials, and regale your ear With strains it was a privilege to hear Yet above all his luxury supreme, And his chief glory, was the gospel theme; There he was copious as old Greece or Rome.

His happy eloquence seem'd there at home, Ambitious not to shine or to excel,

But to treat justly what he loved so well It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,

When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,

Suppose themselves monopolists of sense, And wiser men's ability pretence

Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,

Such men are not forgot as soon as cold, Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,

Embalni'd for ever in its own perfume And to say truth, though in its early prime, And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,

Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,

That in the valley of decline are lost, And virtue with peculiar charms appears, Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years,

Yet age by long expenence well inform d Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm d,

That fire abated which ampels rash youth Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth As time improves the grape's authentic juice,

Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,

And claims a reverence in its shortening

That 'tis an bonour and a joy to pay The fruits of age, less fair are yet more sound

Than those a brighter senson pours

And like the stores autumnal suns mature, Through wintry regours unimpair'd endure.

What is fanatic frenzy scorn d so much, And dreaded more than a contagious touch?

I grant it dangerous and approve your fear

That fire is catching if you draw too near-

But sage observers oft mistake the flame, And give true prety that odious name. To tremble (as the creature of an bour Ought at the view of an Almighty power)

Before His presence, at whose awful throne All tremble in all worlds, except our own, To supplicate His mercy, love His ways, And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise,

Though common sense, allow'd a casting voice,

And free from bias, must approve the choice,

Convicts a man fanatic in the extreme, And wild as madness in the world's esteem But that disease, when soberly defined, Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind, It views the truth with a distorted eye, And either warps or lays it useless by, 'T is narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws Its sordid nourishment from man's appliance,

And, while at heart sin unrelinquish'd lies,

Presumes itself chief favourite of the skies

'T₁s such a light as putrefaction breeds In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,

Shines in the dark, but usher'd into day, The stench remains, the lustre dies away

True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed

Of hearts in union mutually disclosed,

And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,

Those hearts should be reclaim d renew d upright.

Bad men profanmy friendships hallow'd name.

Form in its stead a covenant of shame, A dark confederacy against the laws Of virtue, and religions glorious cause They build each other up with dreadful

As bustions set point blank against God s will

akill

Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt Deeply resolved to shut a Saviour out; Call legions up from hell to back the deed

And, cursed with conquest, finally succeed. But souls, that carry on a blest exchange Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range

And with a fearless confidence make known

The serrows sympathy esteems its own, Daily derive increasing light and force From such communion in their pleasant course,

Feel less the journey's roughness and its length

Meet their opposers with united strength,

And, one in heart, in interest, and design, Gird up each other to the race divine

But Conversation, choose what theme we may,

And chiefly when religion leads the way, Should flow, like waters after summer showers,

Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers The Christian, in whose soul, though now distress'd,

Lives the dear thought of joys he once possess'd,

When all his glowing language issued forth

With God's deep stamp upon its current worth,

Will speak without disguise, and must impart,

Sad as it is, his undissembling heart, Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal.

Or seem to boast a fire, he does not feel
The song of Sion is a tasteless thing,
Unless, when rising on a joyful wing,
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
And give the strain the compass it demands

Strange tidings these to tell a world, who treat

All but their own experience as deceit!

Will they believe, though credulous enough

To swallow much upon much weaker proof,

That there are blest inhabitants of earth Partakers of a new ethereal birth

Their hopes desires, and purposes estranged

From things terrestrial and divinely changed,

Their very language of a kind that speaks The soul's sure interest in the good ahe

Who deal with Scripture its importance felt

As Tully with philosophy once dealt, And, in the silent watches of the night, And through the scenes of toil renewing light.

The social walk, or solitary ride, Keep still the dear companion at their side?

No—shame upon a self-disgracing age, God's work may serve an ape upon a stage With such a jest as fill d with hellish glee

Certain invisibles as shrewd as he But veneration or respect finds none, Save from the subjects of that work slone.

The World grown old her deep discernment shows,

Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose, Peruses closely the true Christian's face, And finds it a mere mask of sly grimace, Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare, And finds hypocrisy close lurking there,

And, serving God herself through more constraint,

Concludes his unfeign'd love of Him a feint

And yet, God knows, look human nature through,

(And in due time the world shall know it too)

That since the flowers of Eden felt the blast,

That after man's defection laid all waste, Sincerity towards the heart-searching God Has made the new-born creature her abode,

Nor shall be found in unregenerate souls Till the last fire burn all between the poles

Sincerity! why 't is his only pride,

Weak and imperfect in all grace beside, He knows that God demands his heart entire.

And gives him all His just demands require

Without it, his pretensione were as vain As having it, he deems the world's dis-

That great defect would cost him not alone

Man e favourable judgment but his own His birthright shaken and no longer clear Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere.

Retort the charge and let the World be told

She boasts a confidence she does not hold

That, conscious of her crimes she feels instead A cold musgiving and a killing dread

That while in health the ground of her support

Is madly to forget that life is short

That sick she trembles knowing she must die,

Her hope presumption and her faith a

That while she dotes and dreams that one believes She mocks her Maker and herself de-

She mocks her Maker and herself de ceives

Her utmost reach historical assent

The doctrines warpd to what they never meant

The truth itself is in her heid as dull And useless as a candle in a skull, And all her love of God a groundless claim.

A trick upon the canvas, painted flame Teil her again, the sneer upon her face, And all her censures of the work of grace, Are insincere, meant only to conceal A dread she would not, yet is forced to

A dread she would not, yet is forced to feel,

That in her heart the Christian she reveres,

And, while she seems to scorn him, only fears

A poet does not work by square or line, As smiths and joiners perfect a design, At least we moderns, our attention less, Beyond the example of our sires digress, And claim a right to scamper and run wide,

Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide The world and I fortuitously met; I owed a trifle, and have paid the debt, She did me wrong, I recompensed the deed,

And, having struck the balance, now proceed

Perhaps, however, as some years have pass'd

Since she and I conversed together last,

And I have lived recluse in rural shades Which seldom a distinct report pervades Great changes and new manners have occurr'd.

And blest reforms that I have never heard And she may now be as discreet and wise As once absurd in all discerning eyes. Sobriety perhaps may now be found Where once intoxication press d the

ground The subtle and injurious may be just, And he grown chaste that was the slave of lust

Arts once esteem d may be with shame dismiss d

Charity may relax the muser's fist The tramester may have cust his cards

Forgot to curse and only kneel to pray It has indeed been told me (with what weight.

How credibly 'tus hard for me to state) That fables old that seemd for ever mute.

Revived, are hastening into fresh repute, And gods and goddesses discarded long Like useless lumber or a stroller a song Are bringing into vogue their heathen train

And Jupiter blds fair to rule again (2 160) 161

That certain feasts are instituted now, Where Venus hears the lover's tender yow. That all Olympus through the country roves,

To consecrate our few remaining groves, And Echo learns politely to repeat The praise of names for ages obsolete, That having proved the weakness, it should seem,

Of revelation's ineffectual beam,
To bring the passions under sober sway,
And give the moral springs their proper
play.

They mean to try what may at last be done,

By stout substantial gods of wood and stone,

And whether Roman rites may not produce

The virtues of old Rome for English use May much success attend the pious plan, May Mercury once more embellish man, Grace him again with long-forgotten arts,

Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts,

Make him athletic as in days of old, Learn'd at the bar, in the palæstra bold, Divest the rougher sex of female airs, And teach the softer not to copy theirs

The change shall please, nor shall it matter ought.

Who works the wonder if it be but wrought.

Tis time, however if the case stands thus

For us plain folks and all who side with

To build our alter confident and bold, And say as stern Elliah said of old.

17%

The strate now stands upon a fair award, If Israel's Lord be God then serve the

If He be silent, faith is all a whim

Then Baal is the God, and worship him."
Digression is so much in modern use
Thought is so rare and fancy so profuse
Some never seem so wide of their intent,
As when returning to the theme they
meant

As mendicants, whose business is to roam

Make every parish but their own their borne.

Though such continual rigrags in a book Such drunken rechngs have an awkward look

And I had rather creep to what is true, Than rove and stagger with no mark in view

Yet to consult a little, seem'd no crime, The freakish humour of the present time But now to gather up what seems dispersed,

And touch the subject I design'd at first, May prove, though much beside the rules of art,

Best for the public, and my wisest part And first, let no man charge me that I mean

To clothe in sable every social scene, And give good company a face severe, As if they met around a father's bier, For tell some men that, pleasure all their bent.

And laughter all their work, is life misspent,

Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply, Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry

To find the medium asks some share of wit,

And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit

But though life's valley be a vale of tears, A brighter scene beyond that vale appears, Whose glory, with a light that never fades,

Shoots between scatter'd rocks and opening shades

And while it shows the land the soul

The language of the land she seeks inspires.

Thus touch'd the tongue receives a sacred cure

Of all that was absurd profane impure Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech

Pursues the course that truth and nature teach

No longer labours merely to produce The pomp of sound or tinkle without use Where er it winds, the salutary stream Sprightly and fresh enriches every theme While all the happy man possess'd before The gift of nature or the classic store. Is made subservient to the grand design For which Heaven formed the faculty divine.

So should an idiot while at large he strays,

Find the sweet lyre on which an artist plays, With rash and awkward force the chords he shakes

And grins with wonder at the jar he makes

But let the wise and well instructed hand Once take the shell beneath his just command

In gentle sounds it seems as it complain'd Of the rude injuries it late sustain'd, Till, tuned at length to some immortal song,

It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours His praise along.

Ø

Ode to Peace

Come peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart
Nor riches I nor power pursue
Nor hold forbidden joys in view
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell if not with me, From Avarice and Ambition free And Pleasures fattal wile? For whom clast dost thou prepare The sweets that I was wont to share, The banque of thy smiles?

The great, the gay shall they partake The Heaven that thou alone canst make? And wilt thou quit the stream That murmurs through the dewy moad The grove and the sequestered shed, To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I prized, For thee I gladly sacrificed

ODE TO PEACE

Whate'er I loved before, And shall I see thee start away, And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say— "Farewell! we meet no more"?

Verses

SUPPOSED TO BE WEITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELECK, DORING HIS SOLITARY ABOUT ON THE HEARD OF TOAR PERSONS

I am monarch of all I survey My right there is none to dispute From the centre all mund to the sea I am lord of the fowl and the brute O solitude! where are the charms That sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms Than reion in this horrible place.

*

I am out of humanity's reach I must finish my fourney alone. Never hear the sweet music of speech, I start at the sound of my own. The beasts that room over the plain My form with indifference see They are so unacousinted with man Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society friendship and love. Divinely bestow'd upon man Oh had I the wings of a dove How soon would I taste you again! 160

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd

Ye winds, that have made me your sport, Convey to this desolate shore

Some cordial endearing report

Of a land I shall visit no more

My friends, do they now and then send

A wish or a thought after me?

O tell me I yet have a friend,

Though a friend I am never to see

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there,
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest. The beast is laid down in his lair. Even here is a season of rest. And I To my cubin repair. There's mercy in every place, And mercy encouraging thought! Gives even affliction a grace. And recordies man to his lot.

Hymns

WALKING WITH GOD

Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame, A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd'
How sweet their memory still'
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy Throne,
And worship only Thee

So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and screne my frame: So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE

Heal us Emmanuel here we are Waiting to feel Thy touch Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair And Saviour we are such.

Our faith is feeble we confess, We faintly trust Thy word But wilt Thou pity us the less? Be that far from Thee Lord!

Remember him who once applied With trembling for relief Lord I believe " with tears he cried, Oh help my unbelief!"

She too who touchd Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd 'Daughter go in peace,

Was answer'd 'Daughter go in peace Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Conceal'd and the gathering throng She would have shunnd Thy view; And if her faith was firm and strong Had strong imagivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come, To touch Thee, if we may, Oh! send us not despairing home, Send none unheal'd away

"THE LORD SEND PEACE'

Jesus, whose blood so freely stream'd,
To satisfy the law's demand,
By Thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd
Before the Father's face I stand

To reconcile offending man,
Make Justice drop her angry rod,
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God?

No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserved the whole,
No arrow dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty but returning soul

Peace by such means so dearly bought, What rebel could have hoped to see? Peace, by his injured Sovereign wrought His Sovereign fasten'd to a tree

Now, Lord, Thy feeble worm prepare! For strife with earth and hell begins, Confirm and gird me for the war, They hate the soul that hates his sins

Let them in horrid league agree!

They may assault they may distress
But cannot quench Thy love to me
Nor rob me of the Lord, my peace

THE CONTRITE HEART

The lord will happiness divine
On contrate hearts bestow
Then tell me, gracious God is mine
A contrate heart or no?

I hear but seem to hear in vain Inscasible as steel If aught is felt, 't is only pain To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined To love Thee, if I could But often feel another mind, Averse to all that a good.

My best desires are faint and few I fain would strive for more But when I cry My strength renew " Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted I know And love Thy house of prayer I therefore go where others go But find no comfort there.

Oh make this heart rejoice or ache, Decide this doubt for me, And if it be not broken, break, And heal it if it be

LIVELY HOPE AND GRACIOUS FEAR

I was a grovelling creature once,And basely cleaved to earth,I wanted spirit to renounceThe clod that gave me birth

But God hath breath'd upon a worm, And sent me from above Wings such as clothe an angel's form, The wings of joy and love

With these to Pisgah's top I fly, And there delighted stand, To view beneath a shining sky The spacious promised land

The Lord of all the vast domain

Has promised it to me,

The length and breadth of all the plain

As far as faith can see

How glorious is my privilege!

To Thee for help I call,
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh save me, lest I fall!

Though much exalted in the Lord My strength is not my nwn Then let me tremble at His word And none shall cast me down

(# 160) 177

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The Task

THE SOFA

THE ARGUMENT

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the sofa-A schoolboy's ramble-A walk in the country-The scene described-Rural sounds as well as sights delightful-Another walk - Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected-Colonnades commended-Alcove, and the view from it-The wilderness-The grove-The thresher-The necessity and the benefits of exercise-The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art-The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure -Change of scene sometimes expedient-A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced-Gipsies - The blessings of civilized life - That state most favourable to virtue—The South Sea Islanders compassion ated, but chiefly Omai-His present state of mind supposed -Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities-Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured-Fête champêtre-The book concludes with a reflection on the effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.

I sing the Sofa I who lately sang Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe

The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,

Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,

Now seek repose upon an humbler theme The theme though humble yet august and proud

The occasion—for the Fair commands the song

Time was when clothing sumptuous or for use,

Save their own painted skins our sires had none.

As yet black breeches were not satin

Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile The hardy chief upon the rugged rock,

Wash d by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents rearing

loud,
Fearless of wrong reposed his weary

strength.

Those barbarous ages past, succeeded

The birthday of Invention weak at first, Dull in design and clumsy to perform. Joint-stools were then created on three legs

Upborne they stood, three legs upholding firm

A massy slab in fashion square or round.

On such a stool immortal Alfred sat, And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms

And such in ancient halls and mansions drear

May still be seen, but perforated sore, And drill'd in holes the solid oak is found, By worms voracious eating through and through

At length a generation more refined Improved the simple plan, made three legs four,

Gave them a twisted form vermicular, And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding stuff'd,

Induced a splendid cover, green and blue, Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought And woven close, or needlework sublime There might ye see the peony spread wide, The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,

Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,

And parrots with twin cherries in their beak

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright

With Nature's varnish, sever'd into stripes That interlaced each other, these supplied Of texture firm a lattice work, that braced

The new machine, and it became a chair But restless was the chair the back erect Distress'd the weary loans, that felt no case

The slippery seat betray'd the sliding part That press d it, and the feet hung dang line down

nakon Sun

Anxious in vain to find the distant floor These for the rich the rest, whom Fate had placed

In modest medicenty content

With base materials, sat on well tann'd

Obdurate and unyleiding glassy smooth With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,

Or scarlet crewel in the cushion fix'd

If cushion might be call'd what harder
seem d

Than the firm oak of which the frame

No want of timber then was felt or fear'd In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood Ponderous and fixed by its own massy weight.

But elbows still were wanting these some say

An alderman of Cripplegate contrived And some ascribe the invention to a priest, Burly and big and studious of his case.

But rude at first, and not with easy slope Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs,

And bruised the side, and, elevated high, Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears

Long time elapsed or e'er our rugged sires

Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,

And ill at ease behind The ladies first 'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex. Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased Than when employ'd to accommodate the fair.

Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised

The soft settee, one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow, it received,
United yet divided, twain at once
So sit two kings of Brentford on one
throne,

And so two citizens, who take the air, Close pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one

But relaxation of the languid frame, By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs, Was bliss reserved for happier days So slow

The growth of what is excellent, so hard

To attain perfection in this nether world. Thus first Necessity invented stools Convenience next suggested ellow-chairs And Luxury the accomplish d Sora last The nurse sleeps sweetly hired to watch the side.

Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly

Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour

To sleep within the carriage more secure, His legs depending at the open door Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his deak, The tedlous rector drawling o er his head And sweet the clerk below But neither sleep

Of lazy nurse who snores the sick man dead,

Nor his who quits the box at midnight

To slumber in the carriage more secure Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his deak, Nor yet the dowings of the clerk, are sweet, Compared with the repose the Sofa yields. Oh may I live exempted (while I live

Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine Excess! The Sofa suits
The gouty limb 'tis true but gouty limb
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:

- For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
- Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
- And skirted thick with intertexture firm
 Of thorny boughs, have loved the rural
 walk
- O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
- E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames,
- And still remember, nor without regret Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,
- How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
- Still hungering, penniless and far from home,
- I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
 Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
 The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere
 Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
 Disdains not, nor the palate, undepraved
 By culinary arts, unsavoury deems
 No Sofa then awaited my return,
 No Sofa then I needed Youth repairs
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
 Incurring short fatigue, and though our
 years,

THE SOEA

As life declines speed rapidly away And not a year but pillers as he goes Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep

A tooth or auburn lock and by degrees Their length and colour from the locks they spare

The elastic spring of an unwearled foot That mounts the stile with case, or leaps the fence

The play of lungs, inhaling and again Respiring freely the fresh air that makes Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me Mine have not pilfer'd yet nor yet im pair'd

My relish of fair prospect scenes that soothed

Or charm d me young no longer young I find

Still soothing and of power to charm me still.

And witness, dear companion of my walks, Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive Fast lock d in mine with pleasure such as love,

Confirm d by long experience of thy worth, And well-tried virtues could allone lespire— Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,

And that my raptures are not conjured up To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all
How oft upon you eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have
borne

The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,

While Admiration feeding at the eye, And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd

The distant plough slow moving, and beside

His labouring team, that swerv'd not from the track,

The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy! Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain

Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,

Conducts the eye along his sinuous course Delighted There, fast rooted in their bank,

Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms, That screen the herdsman's solitary hut, While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,

That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,

THE SORA

The sloping land recedes into the clouds Displaying on its varied side the grace Of hedge-row beauties numberless square tower.

Tall spire from which the sound of cheer ful bells

Just undulates upon the listening ear Groves, heaths and smoking villages, remote.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd.

Please daily and whose novelty survives Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years— Praise justly due to those that I describe,

Nor rural sights alone but rural sounds Exhibitate the spirit and restore The tone of languid Nature Mighty

The tone of languid Nature Mighty winds,

That sweep the skurt of some far-soread

ing wood

Of ancient growth, make music not unlike

The dash of Ocean on his winding shore And full the spirit while they fill the mind Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.

Nor less composure waits upon the roar Of distant floods, or on the softer voice Of neighbouring fountain or of rills that alip

Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they full

Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length

In matted grass, that with a livelier green

Betrays the secret of their silent course Nature manimate employs sweet sounds, But animated nature sweeter still.

To soothe and satisfy the human ear

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and

The livelong night nor these alone, whose notes

Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,

* But cawing rooks, and lates that swim sublime

In still repeated circles, screaming loud, The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,

That hails the rising moon, have charms for me

Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,

Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,

And only there, please highly for their sake

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought

THF SOFA

Devised the weather house that useful toy!

Fearless of humid air and gathering rains, Forth steps the man—an emblem of my self!

More delicate his timorous mate retires. When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet

Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay Or ford the rivulets, are best at home. The task of new discoveries falls on me. At such a season and with such a charge, Once went I forth and found till then unknown

A cottage, whither oft we since repair Tis perch d upon the green hill top but close

Environd with a ring of branching elms. That overlang the thatch litself unseen Peeps at the vale below so thick beset. With foliage of such dark redundant prowth.

I call d the low-roof'd lodge the peasant's

And, hidden as it is and far remote From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the sar

In village or in town the bay of curs Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,

And infants clamorous whether pleased or pain'd,

Oft have I wish'd the praceful covert mine

Here, I have said, at least I should possess

The poet's treasure, silence, and include The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat

Dearly obtains the refuge it affords
Its clevated site forbids the wretch
To drink sweet waters of the crystal well,
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his beverage
home.

Far fetch'd and little worth, nor seldom waits,

Dependent on the baker's punctual call, To hear his creaking panniers at the door, Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed

So farewell envy of the prasant's nest! If solitude make scant the means of life, Society for me!—Thou seeming sweet, Be still a pleasing object in my view, My visit still, but never mine abode

Not distant far, a length of colonnade Invites us Monument of ancient taste, Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate

Our fathers knew the value of a screen From sultry suns and in their shaded walks

And long protracted bowers enjoy'd at noon

The gloom and coolness of declining day We bear our shades about us self-deprived of other screen the thin umbrells spread, And range an Indian waste without a tree. Thanks to Benevolus—he spares me yet These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines.

And, though himself so polished, still reprieves

The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious lest too fast)

A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge, We pass a gulf in which the willows dip Their pendent boughs stooping as if to drink.

Hence, ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme

We mount again and feel at every step Our foot half suck in hillocks green and soft,

Raised by the mole the miner of the soil. He, not unlike the great ones of mankind, Disfigures earth and plotting in the dark, Toils much to earn a monumental pile,

That may record the mischiefs he has done

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove

That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a
few,

Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd

Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize, And even to a clown Now roves the eye, And, posted on this speculative height, Exults in its command The sheepfold here

Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe At first, progressive as a stream, they seek The middle field, but, scatter'd by degrees, Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land

There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps

The loaded wain, while, lighten'd of its charge,

The wain that meets it passes swiftly by, The boorish driver leaning o'er his team

Vociferous and impatient of delay Nor less attractive is the woodland scene Diversified with trees of every growth Alike yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks

Of ash or time or beech distinctly shine Within the twilight of their distant shades There lost behind a rising ground the wood

Seems sunk and shortend to its topmost boughs.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms

Though each its hue peculiar paler some And of o wannish gray the willow such And poplar that with silver lines his leaf And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm

Of deeper green the elm and deeper still Lord of the woods the long surviving oak Some glossy-leaved and shining in the ELLID

The maple and the beech of only nuts Prolific, and the time of dewy eve Diffusing odours nor unnoted pass The sycamore capricious in attire Now green now tawny and ere autumn

Have changed the woods in scarlet hon ours bright. (\$ 60) O

O'er these, but far beyond, (a spacious map

Of hill and valley interposed between,) The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land, Now glitters in the sun, and now retires, As bashful, yet impatient to be seen

Hence the declivity is sharp and short, And such the re-ascent, between them weeps

A little naiad her impoverish'd urn All summer long, which winter fills again The folded gates would bar my progress now,

But that the lord of this enclosed demesne, Communicative of the good he owns, Admits me to a share the guiltless eye Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys

Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?

By short transition we have lost his glare, And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice That yet a remnant of your race survives How airy and how light the graceful arch, Yet awful as the consecrated roof Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath 'The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood

Brush d by the wind. So sportive is the light

Shot through the boughs it dances as they dance,

Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick, And darkening and enlightening as the leaves

Play wanton every moment every spot.

And now with nerves new-braced and spirits cheer'd

We tread the wilderness whose well-roll d

With curvature of slow and easy sweep—

Deception innocent—give ample space To narrow bounds. The grove receives

us next; Between the upright shafts of whose tall

elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant
fiail

That seems to swing uncertain and yet

Full on the destaned ear Wide flies the chaff;

The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist

Of atoms, sparkling in the moonday beam. Come hither ye that press your beds of down,

And sleep not, see him sweating o'er his bread

Before he eats it —'T is the primal curse, But soften'd into mercy, made the pledge Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan

By ceaseless action all that is subsists Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel That Nature rides upon maintains her health,

Her beauty, her fertility She dreads An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves

Its own revolvency upholds the world Winds from all quarters agitate the air, And fit the limpid element for use,

Else noxious oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,

All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed

By restless undulation e'en the oak Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm

He seems indeed indignant, and to feel The impression of the blast with proud disdain,

Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm He held the thunder but the monarch owes

His firm stability to what he scorns—

More fix d below the more disturb d above.

The law by which all creatures else are bound

Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives

No mean advantage from a kindred cause From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest case.

The sedentary stretch their lazy length When custom bids but no refreshment find

For none they need the languad eye the check

Deserted of its bloom the flaccid shrunk, And wither'd muscle and the vapid soul Reproach their owner with that love of rest

To which he forfeits een the rest he loves.

Not such the alert and active. Measure

By its true worth the comforts it affords And theirs alone seems worthy of the name Good health and, its sascoiate in the most, Good temper spirits prompt to undertake, And not soon spent, though in an arduous task

The powers of fancy and strong thought

E'en age itself seems privileged in them, With clear exemption from its own defects A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray beard

With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave

Sprightly, and old almost without decay Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,

Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine Who oftenest sacrifice are favour'd least The love of Nature and the scenes she draws

Is Nature's dictate Strange! there should be found,

Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,

Renounce the odours of the open field For the unscented fictions of the loom, Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes, Prefer to the performance of a God The inferior wonders of an artist's hand! Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art, But Nature's works far lovelier I admire, None more admires, the painter's magic skill,

Who shows me that which I shall never see,

Conveys a distant country into mine,

And throws Italian light on English walls But imitative atrokes can do no more Than please the eye-sweet Nature every

sense. The air salubrious of her lofty hills, The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales And music of her woods-no works of man May rival these these all bespeak a power

Peculiar and exclusively her own, Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast.

Tis free to all-'tis every day renew'd Who scorns it starves deservedly at home. He does not scorn it who imprison d long In some unwholesome dungeon and a

prey To sallow sickness which the vapours denk

And clammy of his dark abode have bred Escapes at last to liberty and light His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue His eye relumines its extinguish d fires He walks, he leaps he runs - is wing'd with lov

And riots in the sweets of every breeze. He does not scorn it who has long endured

A fever's agomes, and fed on drugs. Nor yet the mariner his blood inflamed With acrid salts his very heart athlest 199

To gaze at Nature in her green array, Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd

With visions prompted by intense desire Fair fields appear below, such as he left Far distant, such as he would die to find—He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns,

The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,

And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,

And mar the face of beauty, when no cause For such immeasurable woe appears,

These Flora banishes, and gives the fair Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own

It is the constant revolution, stale

And tasteless, of the same repeated joys, That palls and satiates, and makes languid life

A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down

Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the

Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast

Is famish'd-finds no music in the song,

No smartness in the jest and wonders why

Yet thousands still desire to journey on, Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.

The paralytic, who can hold her cards, But cannot play them, borrows a friend s hand

To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort Her mingled sunts and sequences and sits Spectatress both and spectacle a said And silent cypher while her proxy plays. Others are dragged into the crowded room Between supporters and, once seated sit, Through downright inability to race Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again. These speak a loud memonto Yet een

these theselves love life and cling to it, as he That overhangs a torrent to a twig. They love it and yet loathe it fear to die, yet scorn the purposes for which they live. Then wherefore not renounce them? No—

the dread,

The slavish dread of solitude that breeds Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame, And their inveterate habits all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long

The boast of mere pretenders to the name.

The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the
beams

Of dayspring overshoot, his humble nest The peasant too, a witness of his song, Himself a songster, is as gay as he But save me from the gaiety of those Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed,

And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes

Flash desperation, and betray their pangs For property stripp'd off by cruel chance, From gaiety that fills the bones with pain, The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe

The Earth was made so various, that the mind

Of desultory man, studious of change, And pleased with novelty, might be indulged

Prospects, however lovely, may be seen Till half their beauties fade, the weary sight,

Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off

Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale, Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,

Delight us happy to renounce awhile Not senseless of its charms what still we love,

That such short absence may endear it

Then forests, or the savage rock may please

That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts

Above the reach of man. His hoary head Conspicuous many a league the mariner Bound homeward and in hope already there.

Greets with three cheers exulting. At his walst

A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows And at his feet the baffled billows die. The common overgrown with fern and

rough With prickly gorse that shapeless and deform d

And dangerous to the touch has yet its bloom

And decks itself with ornaments of gold Yields no unpleasing ramble there the furf

Smells fresh and, rich in odoriferous herbs And fungous fruits of earth regales the sense

With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days

Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound

A serving-maid was she, and fell in love With one who left her, went to sea, and died

Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves

To distant shores, and she would sit and weep

At what a sailor suffers, fancy too,

Delusive most where warmest wishes are,

Would oft anticipate his glad return,

And dream of transports she was not to know

She heard the doleful tidings of his death—And never smiled again! And now she roams

The dreary waste, there spends the livelong day,

And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter'd still, and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,

And hoards them in her sleeve, but needful food,

Though press d with hunger oft, or comelier clothes

Though pinch d with cold asks never --Kate is crazed!

I see a column of slow rising smoke O ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild. A vagabood and useless tribe there eat Their miserable meal. A kettle slung Between two poles upon a stick transverse Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog Or vermin or at best of cock purion of From his accustom d perch. Hard faring receil.

They pick their fuel out of every hedge Which kindled with dry leaves just saves unquench d

The spark of life. The sportive wind

Their fluttering rags and shows a tawny skin

The veilum of the pedigree they claim Great skill have they in palmistry and more

To conjure clean away the gold they touch Conveying worthless dross into its place Loud when they beg dumb only when they stosi.

Strange! that a creature rational, and cast In human mould should brutalize by choice His nature and though capable of arts

By which the world might profit, and himself,

Self-banish'd from society, prefer Such squalid sloth to honourable toil! Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft.

They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,

And vex their flesh with artificial sores, Can change their whine into a mirthful note

When safe occasion offers, and with dance, And music of the bladder and the bag, Beguile their woes, and make the woods

resound

Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy The houseless rovers of the sylvan world, And, breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,

Need other physic none to heal the effects Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold

Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd

By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure, Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,

The manners and the arts of civil life. His wants indeed are many, but supply Is obvious, placed within the easy reach

THE SOF 1

Of temperate wishes and industrious hands. Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil not rude and surly and beset with thorns And terrible to sight, as when she springs (If per sith spring spontaneous) in remote And barbarous climes, where violence pre valls.

And strength is lord of all but gentle kind

By culture tamed by liberty refresh d, And all her fruits by radiant truth matured. War and the chase engross the savage whole

War follow'd for revenge or to supplant. The enviod tenants of some happier spot. The chase for sustenance, precanous trust! His hard condition with severe constraint Binds all his faculties forbids all growth Of wisdom, proves a school in which he learns.

Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate Mean self attachment and scarce aught beside.

Thus fare the shivering natives of the north.

And thus the rangers of the western world, Where it advances far into the deep, Towards the Antarche. E en the favour'd isles.

So lately found although the constant sun

Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,

Can boast but little virtue, and, mert Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain

In manners—victims of luxurious ease
These therefore I can pity, placed remote
From all that science traces, art invents,
Or inspiration teaches, and enclosed
In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd
By navigators uninform'd as they,
Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again
But, far beyond the rest, and with most
cause,

Thee, gentle savage! whom no love of thee

Or thine, but curiosity, perhaps,

Or else vainglory, prompted us to draw Forth from thy native bowers, to show thee

here

With what superior skill we can abuse The gifts of Providence, and squander life The dream is past, and thou hast found again

Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams, And homestall thatch'd with leaves But hast thou found

Their former charms? And, having seen our state,

Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp

THE SOFA

Of equipage our gardens and our sports

And heard our music, are thy simple
friends.

Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys

Lost nothing by comparison with ours? Rude as thou art, (for we return d thee

And ignorant, except of ontward show)
I cannot think theo yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret

And apiritiess, as never to regret

Sweets tasted here and left as soon as

known.

Methinks I see thee straying on the beach And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot.

If ever it has washed our distant ahore.
I see thee weep and thine are honest tears, A patriot's for his country thou art sad At thought of her forlorn and abject wate, From which no power of thine can raise her up.

Thus fancy paints thee, and, though apt to

Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.

She tells me, too that duly every morn Thou clumb at the mountain top with eager

eye (≱r6o)

Exploring far and wide the watery waste For sight of ship from England Every speck

Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale With conflict of contending hopes and fears

But comes at last the dull and dusky eve, And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared To dream all night of what the day denied Alas! expect it not. We found no bait To tempt us in thy country. Doing good, Disinterested good, is not our trade. We travel far, 't is true, but not for nought, And must be bribed to compass Earth again. By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.

But though true worth and virtue in the mild

And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only
there,

Yet not in cities oft in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance
breeds,

In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth, and lust,

And wantonness, and gluttonous excess

THE SOFA

In cities vice is hidden with most case, Or seen with least reproach and virtue, taught

By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there

Beyond the achievement of successful flight.

I do confess them nurseries of the arts
In which they flourish most where in the
beams

Of warm encouragement, and in the eye Of public note they reach their perfect size. Such London is by taste and wealth proclaim d

The fairest capital of all the world By riot and incontinence the worst. There, touch d by Reynolds a dull blank becomes

A lucid mirror in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The powers of sculpture, but the style as
much

Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a

So sterile with what charms see or she will

The richest scenery and the loveliest forms Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye, With which she gazes at yon burning disk Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?

In London where her implements exact, With which she calculates, computes, and scans

All distance, motion, magnitude, and now Measures an atom, and now girds a world?. In London Where has commerce such a mart.

So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied

As London—opulent, enlarged, and still Increasing London? Babylon of old Not more the glory of the earth than she, A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now

She has her praise Now mark a spot or two

That so much beauty would do well to purge,

And show this queen of cities, that so fair May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise It is not seemly, nor of good report, That she is slack in discipline, more

That she is slack in discipline, more prompt

To avenge than to prevent the breach of law

THE SOFA

That she is ngld in denouncing death On petty robbers and indulges life And liberty and offinnes honour too To peculators of the public gold That thieves at home must hang but he

that puts
Into his overgorged and bloated purse
The weelth of Induan provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well nor can it come to good
That through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presumed to annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may
The total ordinance and will of God
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth
And centering all authority in modes
And customs of her own till Sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms
And knees and hassocks are well nigh
diversed.

God made the country and man made

What wonder then that health and virtue,

That can alone make sweet the bitter draught

That life holds out to all should most abound

And least be threatend in the fields and groves?

Possess ye therefore, ye who borne about

In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue But that of idleness, and taste no scenes But such as art contrives, possess ve still Your element, there only we can shine, There only minds like yours can do no

harm

Our groves were planted to console at noon The pensive wanderer in their shades At eve

The moonbeam, sliding softly in between The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,

Birds warbling all the music. We can spare

The splendour of your lamps, they but eclipse

Our softer satellite Your songs confound Our more harmonious notes, the thrush departs

Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute

There is a public mischief in your mirth, It plagues your country Folly such as yours.

Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,

Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done.

Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you, A mutilated structure, soon to fall

THE WINTER EVENING

THE ARCHMENT

The post comes h—The accupance is continuous contemplated at distance—Address to winter—The rund ammonishes of winter-treating compared with the facilities able conse—Address to sensing—A terms struly—This regards—A terms struly—This result their—Tublic hosess—The subtlinds of them—The result thin—Tublic hosess—The subtlinds of them control—The simplicity of country manners about test—Canes of the change—Described of the country by the rich—Neglect of surgistrates—The subtlint principally in rich—Neglect of surgistrates—The subtlint principally in shall—The saw recruit and his transformation—Reflection so bothes corporate—The love of rural objects meaned to all, and notwer to be teatily arthrographics.

Hark! 't is the twanging hom o er yonder bridge,
That with its wearsome but needful

length Bestrides the wintry flood in which the

moon Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright —

He comes the herald of a noisy world, With spatter'd boots strapp d walst, and frozen locks

News from all nations lumbering at his back.

True to his charge the close-pack d load

behind Yet careless what he brings his one con-

cern

Is to conduct it to the destined inn, And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,

Cold and yet cheerful messenger of gricf Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some, To him indifferent whether grief or joy Houses in aslies, and the fall of stocks, Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill, Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,

Or nymphs responsive, equally affect His horse and him, unconscious of them all

But Oh, the important budget usher'd in

With such heart-shaking music, who can say

What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?

Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd, Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?

Is India free? and does she wear her plumed

And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,

Or do we grand her still? The grand debate

The popular harangue, the tart reply The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit And the loud laugh—I long to know them

I burn to set the imprison d wranglers free And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire and close the shutters

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round And while the bubbling and loud hissing

111111

Throws up a steamy column and the cups, That cheer but not inebriate walt on each So let us welcome peaceful evening in. Not such his evening who with shining

Not such his evening who with shining face

Sweats in the crowded theatre and, squeezed

And bored with elbow points through both his sides,

Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb

And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath

Of patriots bursting with heroic rage Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.

This folio of four pages, happy work! Which not e'en critics criticise, that holds Inquisitive attention, while I read, Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair.

Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break,

What is it but a map of busy life, Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns? Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge

That tempts Ambition On the summit see

The seals of office glutter in his eyes, He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,

Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends, And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,

And wins them, but to lose them in his turn

Here rills of oily eloquence in soft Meanders lubricate the course they take, The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved

To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs, Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts, However trivial all that he conceives Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,

The dearth of information and good sense That it foretells us always comes to pass. Cataracts of declamation thunder here There forests of no meaning spread the page

In which all comprehension wanders lost While fields of pleasantry amuse us there With merry descants on a nation s woes. The rest appears a wilderness of strange But gay confusion roses for the checks And filles for the brows of faded age Teeth for the toothless inglets for the

hald

Heaven earth and ocean plunder'd of
their aweets.

Nectareous essences Olympian dows Sermons and city fensis and favourite airs Æthereal journeys submarino exploits And Katerfelto with his bair on end

And katerfelto with his bair on end

At his own wonders wondering for his bread.

"Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat.

To peep at such a world to see the stir Of the great Babel and not feel the crowd To hear the roar she sends through all her gates

At a safe distance, where the dying sound Falls, a soft murmur on the uninjured car Thus sitting and surveying thus at ease

- The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
- To some secure and more than mortal height,
- That liberates and exempts me from them all
- It turns submitted to my view, turns round
- With all its generations, I behold
- The tumult, and am still The sound of war
- Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me,
- Grieves, but alarms me not I mourn the pride
- And avarice that make man a wolf to man.
- Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
- By which he speaks the language of his heart,
- And sigh, but never tremble at the sound
- He travels and expatiates, as the bee
- From flower to flower, so he from land to land,
- The manners, customs, policy of all
- Pay contribution to the store he gleans,
- He sucks intelligence in every clime,
- And spreads the honey of his deep research
- At his return—a rich repast for me
- He travels, and I too I tread his deck,

Ascend his topmast through his peering eyes

Discover countries with a kindred heart Suffer his woes and share in his escapes While fancy like the finger of a clock

Runs the great circuit and is still at home.

O Winter ruler of the inverted year

Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes

Thy breath congeald upon thy lips thy cheeks

Engaged with a based made white with

Fringed with a beard made white with other snows

Than those of age thy forehead wrapp d in clouds

A leastess branch thy sceptre and thy throne

A sliding car indebted to no wheels But urg d by storms along its slippery way

I love thee all unlovely as thou seem at And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold at the sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning east Shortening his journey between morn and noon

And hurrying him Impatient of his stay Down to the rosy west but kindly still Compensating his loss with added hours Of social converse and instructive case

And gathering, at short notice, in one group

The family dispersed, and fixing thought, Not less dispersed by diglight and its cares

I crown ther King of intimate delights, Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness, And all the comforts that the lowly roof Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours Of long uninterrupted evening know No ritting wheels stop short before these gates.

No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings, no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of
the sound,

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake

But here the needle plies its busy task, The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn, Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leives, and sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed, Follow the numble finger of the fair.

A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers that blow

With most success when all besides decay

The poets or historians page by one Made vocal for the amusement of the rest The sprightly lyre whose treasure of sweet sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord

And the clear voice symphonious yet distinct,

And in the charming strife triumphant

Beguile the night, and set a keener edge On female industry the threaded steel Files swiftly and unfelt the task proceeds. The volume closed, the customary rites

The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence a Roman
meal

Such as the mistress of the world once

Delicious when her patnots of high note, Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,

And under an old oak's domestic shade Enjoy'd spare feast a redain and an egg! Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull, Nor such as with a frown forbids the play Of fancy or prosenbes the sound of mirth Nor do we madly like an implous world, Who deem religion fromy and the God That made them an intruder on their joys,

·/ · · · THE · TASK

Start at His awful name, or deem His praise

A jarring note, themes of a graver tone, Exciting oft our gratitude and love,

While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,

That calls the past to our exact review, The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,

The disappointed foe, deliverance found Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored,

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love
Oh evenings worthy of the gods' exclaim'd
The Sabine bard Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, en109

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this? Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,

The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng,

To thaw him into feeling, or the smart And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile? The self-complacent actor, when he views (Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house) The slope of faces from the floor to roof

(As if one master spring controlld them all)

Relax d into a universal grin

Sees not a countenance there that speaks of lov

Half so refined or so sincere as ours.

Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks

That idleness has ever yet contrived To fill the vold of an unfurnish d brain To palliate dulness and give time a shove. Time as he passes us has a dove's wing Unsoil d and swift and of a silken sound But the World's Time is Time in masque rade!

Theirs should I paint him has his pinions fledged With motley plumes and where the pea-

cock shows His azure eyes is tinctured black and

With spots quadrangular of diamond form Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife, And spades the emblem of untimely graves.

What should be, and what was an hour glass once

Becomes a dice-box and a billiard mace Well does the work of his destructive scythe.

(B 160) #25 Q

- Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom Fashion blinds
- To his true worth, most pleased when idle most,
- Whose only happy are their wasted hours E'en misses, at whose age their mothers wore
- The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
- Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school Of card-devoted time, and, night by night Placed at some vacant corner of the board, Learn every trick, and soon play all the game
- But truce with censure Roving as I rove, Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
- As he that travels far oft turns aside,
- To view some rugged rock or mouldering tower,
- Which seen delights him not, then, coming home,
- Describes and prints it, that the world may know
- How far he went for what was nothing worth,
- So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread, With colours mix'd for a far different use, Paint cards, and dolls, and every idle thing That Fancy finds in her excursive flights

Come Evening once again senson of peace

Return aweet Evening and continue long! Methinks I see thee in the strenky west, With matron step slow-moving while the Night

Treads on thy sweeping train one hand employd

In letting fall the curtain of repose

On bird and beast the other charged for
man

With sweet oblivion of the cares of day Not sumptuously adorn d nor needing nid Like homely featured Night of clustering gens

A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow Suffices thee save that the moon is thine No less than bers, not worn indeed on high

With ostentatious pageantry but set With modest grandeur in thy purple zone, Respleadent less but of an ampler round. Come then and thou shalt find thy votary calm

Or make me so Composure is thy gift And whether I devote thy gentle hours To books to music, or the poet's toil To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit Or twaning silken threads round ivory

When they command whom man was born to please,

I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze

With lights, by clear reflection multiplied From many a mirror, in which he of Gath, Goliath, might have seen his grant bulk Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,

My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile With faint illumination, that uplifts The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame Not undelightful is an hour to me So spent in parlour twilight—such a gloom Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,

The mind contemplative, with some new theme

Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,

That never feel a stupor, know no pause, Nor need one, I am conscious, and confess,

Fearless, a soul that does not always think.

Me oft has Fancy luderous and wild Soothed with a waking dream of houses towers

Trees, churches, and strange visages ex press d

press d
In the red cinders while with poring eye
I gazed myself creating what I saw
Nor less amused, have I quiescent watch d
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous and foreboding in the view

Of superstition prophesying still Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.

Tis thus the understanding takes repose In indolent vaculty of thought

And sleeps and is refresh d. Meanwhile

Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask Of deep deliberation as the man Were task d to his full strength absorb d

and lost.
Thus oft reclined at ease 1 lose in hour
At evening till at length the freezing
blast

That sweeps the bolted shutter summons home

The recollected powers and, snapping

The glassy threads with which the Fancy weavers

Her brittle toils, restores me to myself How calm is my recess, and how the frost,

Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear

The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!

I saw the woods and fields at close of day A variegated show, the meadows green, Though faded, and the lands, where lately waved

The golden harvest, of a mellow brown, Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share I saw far off the weedy fallows smile With verdure not unprofitable, grazed By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each His favourite herb, while all the leafless groves,

That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue, Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve To-morrow brings a change, a total change!

Which even now, though silently perform'd,

And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face Of universal nature undergoes

Fast falls a fleecy shower the downy flakes

Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse, Softly alighting upon all below,

Assimilate all objects. Earth receives Gladly the thickening mantle and the green

And tender blade that fear d the chilling blast

Escapes unburt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny and where none

Finds happiness unblighted or If found, Without some thistly sorrow at its side It seems the part of wisdom and no sin Against the law of love to measure lots With less distinguish d than ourselves; that thus

We may with patience bear our moderate Ills

And sympathize with others suffering more.

III fares the traveller now and he that

In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.

The wain goes heavily impeded sore By congregated loads adhering close

To the clogg'd wheels and in its sluggish pace

Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow The toiling steeds expand the nostril

While every breath, by respiration strong

Forced downward, is consolidated soon Upon their jutting chests He, form'd to bear

The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,

With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth

Presented bare against the storm, plods on One hand secures his hat, save when with both

He brandishes his pliant length of whip, Resounding oft, and never heard in vain Oh happy! and in my account, denied The sensibility of pain with which Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou! Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd The learned finger never need explore Thy vigorous pulse, and the unhealthful east,

That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone

Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee Thy days roll on exempt from household care,

Thy waggon is thy wife, and the poor beasts,

That drag the dull companion to and fro, Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care

Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st

let show that thou hast mercy! which

With needless hurry whirld from place to place

Humane as they would seem, not always show

Poor yet industrious modest, quiet neat,

Such claim compassion in a night like this, And have a friend in every feeling heart. Warm d while it lasts by labour all day long

They brave the season and yet find at eve Ill clad and fed but sparely time to cool. The frugal housewife trembles when she lights

Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing

But dying soon like all terrestrial joys. The few small embers left she nurses well And, while her infant race with outspread hands.

And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks

Retires content to quake so they be warm d.

The man feels least, as more inured than she

$\mathcal{A} \longrightarrow THE TASK$

To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil,
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown
loaf

Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without sauce

Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still, Sleep seems their only refuge for, alas, Where penury is felt the thought is chained,

And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few !

With all this thrift they thrive not All the care,

Ingenious Parsimony takes, but just Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool, Skillet, and old carved chest, from public sale

They live, and live without extorted alms From grudging hands, but other boast have none

To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,

Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love

I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,

THE IVINTER ELEVING

For ye are worthy choosing rather far A dry but independent crust, hard earn d And eaten with o sigh, than to endure The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs Of knaves in office, partial to the work Of distribution liberal of their aid To clamorous importunity in rugs But oftimes deaf to suppliants who would blush

To wear a tatter'd garb however coarse Whom famloe cannot reconcile to fifth These ask with painful shyness and refused

Because deserving silently reture! But be ye of good courage! Time itself Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase

And all your numerous progeny well

But helpless in few years shall find their

And labour too. Meaowhile ye shall not want

What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare

Nor what a wealther than ourselves may send.

I mean the man who when the distant poor Need help denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth

Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe, The effect of laziness or sottish waste Now goes the nightly thief prowling

abroad

For plunder, much solicitous how best He may compensate for a day of sloth By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong

Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge,

Plash'd neatly, and secured with driven stakes

Deep in the loamy bank Uptorn by strength,

Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil, An ass's burden, and, when laden most And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away

Nor does the boarded hovel better guard The well-stack'd pile of riven logs and roots

From his pernicious force Nor will he leave

Unwrench'd the door, however well secured, Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps In unsuspecting pomp Twitch'd from the perch,

He gives the princely bird with all his WIVES.

To his voracious bag struggling in vain And loudly wondering at the sudden change.

Nor this to feed his own. Twere some excuse Did pity of their sufferings warp aside

His principle and tempt him into sin For their support, so destitute. But they Neglected pine at home themselves as

more Exposed than others with less scruple made

His victums, robbd of their defenceless nU.

Cruel is all be does. Tis quenchless thirst

Of ruinous ebriety that prompts

His every action and imprutes the man. Oh for a law to noose the villain a neck Who starves his own who persecutes the blood

He gave them in his children's veins and hatne

And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love I

Pass where we may through city or through town

Village, or hamlet of this merry land

- Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace
- Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
- Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
- That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel
- There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds
- Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
- The lackey, and the groom the craftsman there
- Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil,
- Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
- And he that kneads the dough, all loud alike,
- All learned, and all drunk The fiddle screams
- Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
- Its wasted tones and harmony unheard
- Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme, while she,
- Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
- Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even
- Her undecisive scales In this she lays

A weight of ignorance in that, of pride And smiles delighted with the eternal noise.

Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound

The cheek distending oath not to be praused

As ornamental musical polite

Like those which modern senators employ Whose oath is rheteric, and who swear for fame!

Behold the schools in which plebenn minds.

Once simple, are instrated in arts

Which some may practise with politer rmæ

But none with readier skill!-Tis here they learn

The road that leads from competence and peace To indigence and rapine till at last

Society grown weary of the load.

Shakes her encumber'd lap and casts them out.

But censure profits little vain the attempt To advertise in verse a public pest, That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds

His hungry acres, stinks and is of use. The excise is fatten d with the rich result

Of all this riot, and ten thousand casks, For ever dribbling out their base contents, Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state, Bleed gold for ministers to sport away Drink, and be mad then, 't is your country bids!

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call! Her cause demands the assistance of your

throats,—

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more

Would I had fallen upon those happier days,

That poets celebrate, those golden times, And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,

And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose

Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts

That felt their virtues Innocence, it seems, From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves,

The footsteps of Simplicity, impress'd Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing), Then were not all effaced the speech profane

And manners profligate were rarely found, Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd Vain wish! those days were never airy dreams

THE WINTER FUELING

Sat for the picture and the poets hand, Imparting substance to an empty shade, Imposed a gay delirium for a truth. Grant it -I still must envy them an age That favour'd such a dream in days like

these Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce, That to suppose a scene where she pre-

mides. Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief No we are polish d now! The rural lass Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,

Her artless manners, and her nest attire. So dignified that she was hardly less Than the fair shepherdess of old romance. Is seen no more The character is lost!

Her head adora d with lapoets pinn d aloft And ribands streaming gay superbly

mused And magnified beyond all human size,

Indebted to some smart wig weaver's hend

For more than half the tresses it sustains Her elbows ruffled and her tottering form Ill propp d upon French heels she might be deem d

(But that the basket dangling on her arm Interprets her more truly) of a rank Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs.

Expect her soon with footboy at her heels, No longer blushing for her awkward load, Her train and her umbrella all her care! The town has tinged the country, and

the stain

Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils The fashion
runs

Down into scenes still rural, but, alas! Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!

Time was when in the pastoral retreat

The unguarded door was safe, men did
not watch

To invade another's right, or guard their own

Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscared

. By drunken howlings, and the chilling tale

Of midnight murder was a wonder heard With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes

But farewell now to unsuspicious nights, And slumbers unalarm'd! Now, ere you sleep,

See that your polish'd arms be primed with care.

And drop the nightbolt,—ruffians are abroad,

THE WINTER EVENING

And the first larum of the cocks shrill throat

May prove a trumpet summoning your ear To borrid sounds of hostile feet within. E'en daylight has its dangers and the walk

Through pathless wastes and woods unconscious once

Of other tenants than melodious birds, Or harmless flocks is hazardous and bold. Lamented changel to which full many a

Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires, The course of human things from good to ill

From ill to worse is fatal, never fails.

Increase of power begets increase of wealth

Wealth Juxury and Juxury excess Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague, That seless first the opulent, descends To the next rank contagous and in time Taints downward all the graduated scale Of order from the charlot to the plough. The nch and they that have an arm to check

The licence of the lowest in degree, Desert their office and theruselves, intent On pleasure haunt the capital and thus To all the violence of lawiess hands

Resign the scenes their presence might protect

Authority herself not seldom sleeps, Though resident, and witness of the wrong

The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His reverence and his worship both to
rest

On the same cushion of habitual sloth Perhaps timidity restrains his arm, When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,

Himself enslaved by terror of the band, The audacious convict, whom he dares not bind

Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,

He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove

Less dainty than becomes his grave out-

In lucrative concerns Examine well

His milk-white hand, the palm is hardly
clean—

But here and there an ugly smutch appears

Foh! 't was a bribe that left it he has touch'd

Corruption! Whoso seeks an audit here

THE WINTER EVENING

Propitious pays his tribute game or fish Wildfowl or ventson, and his errund speeds.

But faster far and more than all the rest, A noble cause which none who bears a spark

Of public virtue, ever wish d removed, Works the deplored and mischievous effect. This universal soldiership has stabb d The beart of merit in the meaner class. Arms through the vanity and brainless

rage
Of those that bear them in whatever cause,

Seem most at variance with all moral good, And incompatible with serious thought. The clown the child of nature without guile.

Blest with an infant e ignorance of all But his own simple pleasures now and then

A wrestling match a foot race or a fair Is balloted, and trembles at the news Sheepish the doffs has hat, and mumbling sweets.

A bible-oath to be whate er they please To do he knows not what. The task perform d,

That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,

His pupil, and his torment, and his jest His awkward gait, his introverted toes, Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks

Procure him many a curse By slow degrees,

Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,

He yet by slow degrees puts off himself, Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well

He stands erect, his slouch becomes a walk,

He steps right onward, martial in his air, His form, and movement, is as smart above

As meal and larded locks can make him, wears

His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace,

And, his three years of heroship expired, Returns indignant to the slighted plough He hates the field, in which no fife or drum Attends him, drives his cattle to a march, And sighs for the smart comrades he has left

'T were well if his exterior change were all—

But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost

THE WINTER EVENING

His ignorance and harmless manners too. To swear to game, to drink to show at home

By lewdness idleness and Sabbath breach, The great proficiency he made abroad To astomish and to grieve his gazing friends

To break some maiden a and his mother a heart

To be a pest where he was useful once Are his sole aim and all his glory now Man in society is like a flower Blown in its native bed tis there alone

His faculties, expanded in full bloom Shine out there only reach their proper use.

But man associated and leagued with man

By regal warrant, or self joind by bond. For interest sake or swarming into clans. Beneath one head for purposes of war. Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound.

And bundled close to fill some crowded vase

Fades rapidly and by compression main'd Contracts defilement not to be endured. Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues

And burghers men immaculate perhaps

In all their private functions, once combined,

Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature, and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting
trade

At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe

Of innocent commercial Justice red
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is
taught

On principle, where foppery atones For folly, gallantry for every vice

But slighted as it is, and by the great Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret, Infected with the manners and the modes It knew not once, the country wins me still

I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan, That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,

THE WINTER EVENIAG

But there I laid the scene There early stray'd

My fancy ere yet liberty of choice Had found me or the hope of being free My very dreams were rural rural too The first-horn efforts of my youthful muse Sportive and jingling here poetre bells Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.

No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned

To Nature's praises. Heroes and their

Fatigued me never weary of the pipe Of Tityrus, assembling as he sang The rustic throng beneath his favounte beech.

Then Milion had indeed a poet s charms Now to my taste his Paradise surpass of The struggling efforts of my boyush tongue To speak its excellence. I danced for joy I marvell d much that, at so ripe an age As twoce seven years his beauties had then first

Engaged my wonder and admiring still, And still admiring with regret supposed. The joy half lost because not sooner found. Thee too enamour'd of the life I loved, Pathetic in its praise in its pursuit. Determined and possessing it at last,

With transports, such as favour'd lovers feel,

I studied, prized, and wish'd that I had known,

Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaim'd

By modern lights from an erroneous taste, I cannot but lament thy splendid wit Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools I still revere thee, courtly though retired, Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,

Not unemploy'd, and finding rich amends For a lost world in solitude and verse 'T is born with all the love of Nature's works

Is an ingredient in the compound man, Infused at the creation of the kind

And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout

Discriminated each from each, by strokes And touches of His hand, with so much art

Diversified, that two were never found Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,

That all discern a beauty in His works, And all can taste them minds that have been form'd

And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,

THE UINTER EVENING

But none without some relish none un moved.

It is a flame that dies not even there Where nothing feeds it neither business erowds.

Nor habits of juxurious cuty life

Whatever else they smother of true worth In human bosoms, quench it or abate

The villas with which London stands begint

Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads, Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air The glimpse of a green pasture how they

The citizen and brace his languid frame! En in the stilling bosom of the town A gurden in which nothing thrives has charms

That soothe the neh possessor much consoled

That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint

Of nightshade, or valerian grace the well He cultivates. These serve him with a hint

That Nature lives that sight-refreshing green

is still the livery she delights to wear Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.

What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,

The prouder sashes fronted with a range Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed, The Frenchman's darling? are they not all proofs

That man, immured in cities, still retains His inborn inextinguishable thirst

Of rural scenes, compensating his loss By supplemental shifts, the best he may? The most unfurnish'd with the means of

life,

And they that never pass their brick wall bounds,

To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,

Yet feel the burning instinct over head Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick, And water'd duly There the pitcher stands.

A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there, Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets The country, with what ardour he contrives

A peep at Nature, when he can no more Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease

And contemplation, heart-consoling joys, And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode

FROM THE GARDEN

Of multitudes unknown! hall rural life! Address himself who will to the pursuit of honours or emolument or fame. I shall not add myself to such a chase. Thwart his attempts or envy his success. Some must be great. Great offices will have.

Great talents And God gives to every man

The virtue, temper understanding taste, That life him into hie, and lets him full Just in the niche he was ordaind to fill. To the deliverer of an injured land He gives a tongue to enlarge upon a heart.

To feel and courage to redress her wrongs To monarchs dignity to judges sense To artists ingenuity and skull To me an unambutous mind, content In the low vale of life, that early felt A wish for ease and lessure and ere long Found here that leisure and that case I wishd

FROM THE GARDEN

Oh blest seclusion from a jarring world, Which he thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat Cannot indeed to guilty man restore Lost innocence, or cancel follies past

But it has peace, and much secures the mind

From all assaults of evil, proving still A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease By vicious Custom, raging uncontroll'd Abroad, and desolating public life When fierce temptation, seconded within By traitor Appetite, and arm'd with darts Temper'd in Hell, invades the throbbing breast,

To combat may be glorious, and success Perhaps may crown us, but to fly is safe Had I the choice of sublunary good, What could I wish, that I possess not here? Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,

No loose or wanton, though a wandering, muse,

And constant occupation without care
Thus blest I draw a picture of that bliss,
Hopeless indeed, that dissipated minds,
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys that I
describe,

Allured by my report but sure no less That self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize,

And what they will not taste must yet approve

FROM THE GARDEN

What we admire we praise and, when we praise,

Advance it into notice, that, its worth Acknowledged, others may admire it too. I therefore recommend though at the risk Ot popular disgust yet boldly still The cause of piety and sacred truth

The cause of plety and sacred truth

And virtue, and those acenes which God

ordain d

Should best secure them and promote them most

Scenes that I love and with regret perceive

Foreaken or through folly not enjoy d. Pure is the nymph though liberal of her

And chaste, though unconfined, whom I extol.

Not as the prince in Shushan when he call d

Vaingionous of her charms, his Vashti forth

To grace the full pavilion. His design Was but to boast his own peculiar good, Which all might view with eavy none partake.

My charmer is not mine alone my sweets, And she that sweetens all my bitters too Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form And lineaments divine I trace a hand

That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd.

Is free to all men—universal prize

Strange that so fair a creature should yet want

Admirers, and be destined to divide

With meaner objects e'en the few she finds!

Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves, and flowers.

She loses all her influence Cities then Attract us, and neglected Nature pines,

Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love

But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed

By roses, and clear suns, though scarcely felt.

And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure From clamour, and whose very silence charms,

To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse That metropolitan volcanoes make,

Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long,

And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow, And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels?

They would be, were not madness in the head.

And folly in the heart, were England now 256

FROM THE GARDEN

What England was plain hospitable, land. And undebauch d. But we have bid fare-

flow To all the virtues of those better days And all their honest pleasures. Mansions

ODC Knew their own masters and laborious

hinds That had survived the father serv'd the son

Now the legitimate and rightful lord Is but a transient guest, newly arrived And soon to be supplanted. He that saw His patrimonial tumber cast its leaf

Sells the last scantling and transfers the price

To some shrewd sharper ere it buds கரங்க

Estates are landscapes gazed upon awhile Then advertised, and auctioneer'd away The country starves and they that feed

the o ercharged And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues

By a just judgment strip and starve them salves.

The wings that waft our riches out of sight

Grow on the gamester's elbows and the elert 9

And nimble motion of those restless joints, That never tire, soon fans them all away Improvement too, the idol of the age, Is fed with many a victim

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

THE ARGUMENT

A frosty morning—The foddering of cattle—The woodman and his dog--The poultry—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice—Amusements of monarchs—War, one of them—Wars, whence—And whence monarchy—The evils of it—English and French loyalty contrasted—The Bastille, and a prisoner there—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country—Modern patriotism questionable, and why—The perishable nature of the best human institutions—Spiritual liberty not perishable—The slavish state of man by nature—Deliver him, Deist, if you can—Grace must do it—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated—Their different treatment—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free—His relish of the works of God—Address to the Creator

'T is morning, and the sun, with ruddy orb Ascending, fires the horizon, while the clouds,

That crowd away before the driving wind, More ardent as the disk emerges more, Resemble most some city in a blaze, Seen through the leafless wood His slanting ray



Their wonted fodder, not like hungering man,

Fretful if unsupplied, but silent, meek,

And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay

He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,

Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,

His broad keen knife into the solid mass Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,

With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd

The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe

And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear, From morn to eve his solitary task

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears

And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,

His dog attends him Close behind his heel

Now creeps he slow, and now, with many a frisk

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

Wide scampering snatches up the drifted SDOW.

With ivory teeth or ploughs it with his anout Then shakes his powderd coat and barks

for 10v

Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl Moves right toward the mark nor stops for aught. But now and then with pressure of his

thumh To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tuha.

That fumes beneath his nose the trailing cloud

Streams far behind him scenting all the ale: Now from the roost or from the neighbour

ing pale Where, different to eatch the first faint

gleam Of smiling day they gossipd side by

side. Come trooping at the housewife's well known call

The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on

Wing And half on foot they brush the fleecy flood

Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge. 26

The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering

To seize the fair occasion well they eye The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved To escape the impending famine, often scared

As oft return, a pert voracious kind Clean riddance quickly made, one only care Remains to each, the search of sunny nook, Or shed impervious to the blast Resign'd To sad necessity, the cock foregoes

His wonted strut, and, wading at their head With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd How find the myriads, that in summer cheer

The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,

Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?

Earth yields them nought the imprison'd worm is safe

Beneath the frozen clod, all seeds of herbs Lie cover'd close, and berry-bearing thorns, That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose,)

Afford the smaller minstrels no supply The long protracted rigour of the year Thins all their numerous flocks In chinks and holes

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

Ten thousand seek an unmolested end As instinct prompts self-buried ere they die.

The very rooks and daws forsake the fields Where neither grub nor root, nor earthnut, now

Repays their labour more and, perch d

By the way-side, or stalling in the path Lean pennoners upon the traveller's track, Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them

Of voided pulse or half-digested grain. The streams are lost amid the splendid blank

O erwheiming all distinction. On the flood Iodurated and fix d the snowy weight Lies undissolved while allently beneath And unperceived the current steals away

Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel And wantons in the pebbly gulf below No frost can bind it there its utmost force

No frost can bind it there its utmost force Can but arrest the light and smoky mist That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide

And see where it has hung the embroider'd

With forms so various that no powers of art

The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene! Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high

(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees

And shrubs of fairy land The crystal drops

That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,

Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam, there, emboss'd and fretted
wild,

The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes

Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain The likeness of some object seen before Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art, And in defiance of her rival powers, By these fortuitous and random strokes Performing such inimitable feats As she with all her rules can never reach Less worthy of applause, though more admired,

Because a novelty, the work of man, Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ! Thy most magnificent and mighty freak, The wonder of the North No forest fell

THE WINTER MORVING ILALE

When thou wouldst build no quarry sent its stores

To earlich thy walls but thou didst hew the floods,

And make thy marble of the glassy wave In such a polace Aristeus found Cyrene when he bore the plaintive tale Of his lost bees to her maternal ear In such a palace Poetry might place The armoury of Winter where his troops, The gloomy clouds find weapens arrowy sleet.

Skin-piercing volley blossom-bruising hall And snow that often blinds the traveller's course

And wraps him in an unexpected tomb. Silently as a dream the fabric rose No sound of hammer or of saw was there Ice upon ice the well-adjusted parts. Were soon contoud nor other cement

ask d

Than water interfused to make them one.

Lamps gracefully disposed and of all hues,

Illumined every side a watery light Gleam d through the clear transparency that seem d

Another moon new risen or meteor fallen From heaven to earth of lambent flame serene.

So stood the brittle prodigy, though smooth

And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound Firm as a rock Nor wanted aught within, That royal residence might well befit,

For grandeur or for use Long wavy wreaths

Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,

Blush'd on the panels Mirror needed none

Where all was vitreous, but in order due Convivial table and commodious seat (What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there.

Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.

The same lubricity was found in all, And all was moist to the warm touch, a scene

Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again
Alas! 't was but a mortifying stroke
Of undesign'd severity, that glanced
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur and the courts of
kings

'T was transient in its nature, as in show 'T was durable, as worthless, as it seem'd Intrinsically precious, to the foot

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

Treacherous and false it smiled and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd

At hewing mountains into men and some At building human wonders mountain high.

Some have amused the dull and years of life

(Life spent in Indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame and
sought

By pyramids and mausolean pomp

Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.

Some seek diversion in the tented field And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.

But war s a game, which were their subjects wise,

Kings would not play at. Nations would do well

To extort their truncheous from the puny hands

Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds Are gratified with mischlef, and who spoil Because men suffer at their toy the World. When Babel was confounded and the

great

of ormectors wild a

Confederacy of projectors wild and vain

Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assign'd their lot
To all the nations Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal, and He bade them dwell in
peace

Peace was awhile their care they plough'd, and sow'd,

And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife,

But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please In every
heart

Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war, Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze

Cain had already shed a brother's blood, The deluge wash'd it out, but left unquench'd

The seeds of murder in the breast of man Soon by a righteous judgment in the line Of his descending progeny was found The first artificer of death, the shrewd Contriver, who first sweated at the forge, And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel

To a keen edge, and made it bright for war

THE IVIVTER MORNING II ALK

Him Tubal named the Vulcan of old times.

The sword and falchion their inventor claim

And the first smith was the first murderer's

His art survived the waters and ere long When man was multiplied and spread abroad

In tribes and claus and had begun to call These meadows and that range of hills his own

The tasted sweets of property begat Desire of more and industry in some,

To improve and cultivate their just demesne

Made others covet what they saw so fair Thus war began on earth these fought for spoil

And those in self-defence. Savage at first The onset and irregular At length

One eminent above the rest for strength For stratagem or courage, or for all

Was chosen leader him they served in war And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds Reverenced no less. Who could with him compage?

Or who so worthy to control themselves As he whose prowess had subdued their foes?

Thus war, affording field for the display Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,

Which have their exigencies too, and call For skill in government, at length made king

King was a name too proud for man to

With modesty and meekness, and the crown,

So dazzling in their eyes who set it on, Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound It is the abject property of most,

That, being parcel of the common mass, And destitute of means to raise themselves, They sink, and settle lower than they need They know not what it is to feel within A comprehensive faculty, that grasps Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields.

Almost without an effort, plans too vast For their conception, which they cannot move

Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk

With gazing, when they see an able man Step forth to notice, and, besotted thus, Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,

And be our admiration and our praise"

THE HANTER MOPNING II ILK

They soll thems lies before him in the

This most deserving in their own account Whis most extravigant in his applause As if exalting him they raise of themselves. Thus by degrees self-cheated of their sound And solve judgment that he is but man They demisely and fume him so. That in due season he forgets it too inflated and astrut with self-conceit. He pulps the windy of thand ere long Adopting their mistake profoundly thinks. The world was made in vain if not for items.

Thenerforth they are his entitle drudges

To bear his burdens drawing in his gears And sweating in his service his caprice Becomes the soul that animates them all He deems a thousand, or ten thousand live.

Spent In the purchase of renown for him An easy reckoning and they think the same

Thus king were first invented and thus kings

Were burnish d into heroes, and became. The arbiters of this t traqueous swamp. Storks among froger, that have but croak d, and died.

Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man

To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
E'en in the cradled weakness of the world!
Still stranger much, that when at length
mankind

Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,

And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were
yet

Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear

And quake before the gods themselves had made

But above measure strange, that neither proof

Of sad experience, nor examples set By some, whose patriot virtue has prevail'd, Can even now, when they are grown mature

In wisdom, and with philosophic deeps Familiar, serve to emancipate the rest! Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone

To reverence what is ancient, and can plead

A course of long observance for its use, That even servitude, the worst of ills,

THE WINTER MORNING WALL

Because deliver'd down from sire to son Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing! But is it fit, or can it bear the shock Of rational discussion that a man Compounded and made up like other men Of elements tumulituous in whom lust And folly in as ample measure meet As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules Should be a despot absolute and boast Himself the only freeman of his land? Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will

Wage war with any or with no pretence Of provocation given or wrong sustaind And force the beggardy last doit by means That his own humour dictates from the clutch

Of poverty that thus he may procure His thousands weary of penurous life, A splendid opportunity to die? Say ye who (with less prudence than of old Jothsm escribed to his assembled trees In politic convention) put your trust In the shadow of a bramble and reclined In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch.

Rejolce in him and celebrate his sway

Where find ye passive fortitude? Whence
springs

Your self-denying zeal that holds it good (\$160) \$73 T

To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang

His thorns with streamers of continual praise?

We too are friends to loyalty We love The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,

And reigns content within them him we serve

Freely and with delight, who leaves us free

But, recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far King though
he be,

And king in England too, he may be weak, And vain enough to be ambitious still, May exercise amiss his proper powers,

Or covet more than freemen choose to grant

Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours, To administer, to guard, to adorn the state, But not to warp or change it. We are his, To serve him nobly in the common cause, True to the death, but not to be his slaves. Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love.

Of kings, between your loyalty and ours We love the man, the paltry pageant you We the chief patron of the commonwealth, You the regardless author of its woes

THE WINTER MORNING WALL

We for the sake of liberty n king You chains and bondage for a tyrants sake.

Our love is principle and has its root In reason is judicious, manly free Jours, a blund instinct crouches to the rod And licks the foot that treads it in the dust. Were kingship as true treasure as It seems, Sterling and worthy of a wise man s wish I would not be a king to be beloved Causeless, and daubd with undiscerning praise

Where love is mere attachment to the

Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at
will

Of a superior he is never free.

Who lives and is not weary of a life Exposed to manacles deserves them well.

The state that strives for liberty though foil'd

And forced to abandon what she bravely sought

Deserves at least applause for her attempt And pity for her loss. But that s a cause Not often unsuccessful power usurp d Is weakness when opposed conscious of wrone.

T is pusillanimous and prone to flight

But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought

Of freedom, in that hope itself possess

All that the contest calls for, spirit, strength,

The scorn of danger, and united hearts, The surest presage of the good they seek

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more

To France than all her losses and defeats, Old or of later date, by sea or land,

Her house of bondage, worse than that of old

Which God avenged on Pharoah—the Bastille

Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,

Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair, That monarchs have supplied from age to age

With music, such as suits their sovereign ears,

The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would
not leap

To hear that ye were fallen at last, to know That e'en our enemies, so oft employ'd

In forging chains for us, themselves were free

For he who values Liberty confines

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

His teal for her predominance within No narrow bounds her cause engages him

Wherever pleaded. 'T is the cause of man. There dwell the most forlorn of human kind

Immured though unaccused condemn d untried,

Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape! There, like the visionary emblem seen by him of Babylon life stands a stump And filleted about with hoops of brass Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone

To count the hour-bell and expect no change

And ever as the sullen sound is heard, Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note To him whose moments all have one dull pace.

Ten thousand rovers in the world at large Account it music that it summons some To theatre or jocund feast or ball. The wearned hireling finds it a release From labour and the lover who has chid its long delay feels every welcomo stroke Upon his heart strings trembling with delights...

To fly for refuge from distracting thought To such amusements as ingenious wee

Contrives, hard shifting, and without her tools-

To read engraven on the mouldy walls, In staggering types, his predecessor's tale, A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorged And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest Is made familiar, watches his approach, Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—

To wear out time in numbering to and fro The studs that thick emboss his iron door, Then downward and then upward, then aslant,

And then alternate, with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish, till the sum exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh comfortless existence! hemm'd around
With woes, which who that suffers would
not kneel

And beg for exile, or the pangs of death? That man should thus encroach on fellow man,

Abridge him of his just and native rights, Eradicate him, tear him from his hold Upon the endearments of domestic life And social, nip his fruitfulness and use, And doom him for perhaps a heedless word To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

Moves indignation makes the name of king

(Of king whom such prerogative can please)

As dreadful as the Manichean god, Adored through fear strong only to destroy

Tis liberty alone that gives the flower Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume; And we are weeds without it. All constraint.

Except what wisdom lays on ovil men is evil hurts the faculties impedes Their progress in the road of science blinds

The spesight of Discovery and begets, In those that suffer it a sordid mind Bestial a meagre intellect, unfit To be the tenant of man's noble form. These therefore still blameworthy as thou art.

With all thy loss of empire and though

By public exigence, till annual food Falls for the crawing hunger of the state, Thee I account still happy and the chief Among the nations seeing thou art free My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude.

Replete with vapours and disposes much

THE WINTER MORNING WALL

And if I must bewall the blessing lost For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled

I would at least bewall it under skies Milder among a people less austero In scenes which having never known me free.

Would not reproach me with the loss I felt, Do I forebode impossible events, And tremble at valu dreams? Heaven grant I may!

But the age of virtuous politics is past, And we are deep in that of cold pretence, Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincare.

And we too wise to trust them. He that

Deep in his soft credulity the stamp Design d by loud declaimers on the part Of liberty themselves the slaves of just, Incurs decision for his easy faith And lack of knowledge, and with cause

And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough

For when was public virtue to be found Where private was not? Can be love the whole

Who loves no part? He be a nation a friend

Who is, in truth the friend of no man there?

Can be be strenuous in his country's

Who slights the charities for whose dear

That country, if it ill, must be bloy be. This therefore ober and good men are said.

For England's plory, scenp at wax pale. And sackly, while her champion arear their hearts.

So loose to privite duty, that no brain, Healthful and undistarb'd by factious times.

Can dream them trusty to the peneral weal

Such were not they of old, whose temper'd

Dispersed the shackles of usurp'd control, And hew'd them link from link, then Albion's sons

Were sons indeed, they felt a filed heart Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs,

And, shining each in his domestic sphere, Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view

'T is therefore many, whose sequester'd lot Forbids their interference, looking on, Anticipate perforce some dire event. And, seeing the old castle of the state,

THE WINTER WORNING WALK

That promised once more firmness so assauld

That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake, Stand motionless expectants of its fall. All has its date below the fatal hour Was register'd in heaven ere time began We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works.

Die too the deep foundations that we lay Time ploughs them up and not a trace remains.

We build with what we deem eternal rock A distant age asks where the fabric stood And to the dust sifted and search d in vain The undiscoverable secret sleeps But there is yet a fiberty unsung

By poets and by senators unpraised
Which monarchs cannot grant nor all the
cowers

Of earth and hell confederate take away A liberty which persecution fraud Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind

Which whose tastes can be enslaved no more.

Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind

And seald with the same token. It is held

THE WATER WORNING WALK

In other heavens than these that we behold

And fade not. There is Parndise that fears No forfesture and of its fruits He sends Large prelibation oft to saints below Of these the first in order and the pledge And confident assurance of the rest is liberty a flight into his arms Ere yet mortality a fine threads give way A clear escape from tyrannizing just

And full immunity from penal woe
Chains are the portion of revolted man
Stripes, and a dungeron, and big body

Stripes, and a dungeon and his body serves

The triple purpose In that sickly foul

Opprobrious residence he finds them all. Propense his heart to idols, he is held in silly dotage on created things. Careless of their Creator. And that low And sorded gravitation of his powers. To a vile clod so draws him, with such

force
Resistless from the centre he should seek
That he at list forgets at All his hopes
Tend downwards his ambition is to sink
To reach a depth profounder still and still
Profounder in the fathornless alayss
Of folly plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
His seeks and acquiescence of his soul

In hersen renomining exilt in radice. What does he not, from In the opposition van.

And self-reprojeting conservator ! He fore-

The fit il issue to his health, fame, price Fortune and dienity, the lose of all. That can ennoble man, and make fruithfe, Short is it a supportable. Still worr, Tar worse than all the plagues, with via his say.

Infect his happiest moment, he forebodes Ages of hopele comisers. Luture death, And death still future. Not a harty stroke, Like that which sends him to the dustry grave,

But unreprolable enduring do ith Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears. What none can prove a forgery may be true,

What none but had men wish exploded must. That scruple checks him. Riot is not foud. Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst.

Of fughter his compunctions are sincere, And he obhors the jest by which he shines Remorse begets reform. His master-lust Falls first before his resolute rebuke,

And seems dethroned and vanquish'd Peace ensues,

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

But spurious and short lived the puny child

Of self-congratulating pride, begot
On funcied innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again but finds his best essay
A pressage ominous portending still
Its own dishonour by a worse relapse
Till Nature, unavailling Nature, folld
So oft and wearled in the vain attempt
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason
now

Takes part with appetite and pleads the

Perversely which of late she so condemn d With shallow shifts and old devices, worn And tatter d in the service of debauch, Covering his shame from his offended sight.

Hath God indeed given appetites to much

And stored the earth so plenteously with means
To gratify the hunger of his wish

And doth He reprobate and will He damn
The use of His own bounty? making first
So frail a kind and then enacting laws
So strict, that less than perfect must despair?

Falsehood! which whose but suspects of truth

Dishonours God, and makes a slaman

Do they themselves, who undertake hire

The teacher's office, and dispense at Their weekly dole of edifying strains Attend to their own music? have they In what, with such solemnity of ton-And gesture, they propound to our b Nay-conduct hath the loudest tor The voice

Is but an instrument, on which the 1 May play what tune he pleases In deed.

The unequivocal authentic deed, We find sound argument, we reac heart."

Such reasonings (if that name needs belong

To excuses in which reason has no i Serve to compose a spirit well inclin To live on terms of amity with vice. And sin without disturbance. Often ui (As often as libidinous discourse Exhausted, he resorts to solemn then Of theological and grave import) They gain at last his unreserved ass Till, harden'd his heart's temper in forge

Of lust, and on the anvil of despair. 288

THE WINTER WORNING WALK

He slights the strokes of conscience \othing moves.

Or nothing much his constancy in ill Vain tampering has but fosterd his dis-2250

Tis desperate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.

Haste now philosopher and set him free, Charm the deaf serpent wisely Make him hene

Of rectitude and fitness moral truth How lovely and the moral sense how

FUTE Consulted and obeyed, to guide his steps Directly to the first and only fair

Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the powers

Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand And with poetic trappings grace thy prose Till it outmuntle all the pride of verse .--Ah, tinkling cymbal and high-sounding

hease Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm

The eclipse that intercepts truth s heavenly beam

And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul.

The et 71 small voice is wanted. He must speak, IJ (\$ 160 1

Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect,

Who calls for things that are not, and they come

Grace makes the slave a freeman 'T is a change

That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were
each

An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him He
, alone,

And He by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder, humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpowering
strength

By weakness, and hostility by love Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause

Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve.

Receive proud recompense We give in charge

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

Their names to historic muse, source, marches with it

Proud of the trea

To latest times and ever-during brass Gives bond in storand to immortalize her To guard them,

trust
But fairer wreaths

pand, osted at the shrine of

To those who p

Truth

er defence. A patriots

Have fallen so h

blood, such a strife, may earn

Well spent in st indeed, name to his loved land

And for a time electy and equal laws
The sweets of libggle for a brighter prize,
But martyrs structure pain. Their blood
And win it with

is shed if the noblest claim— In confirmation of upon immortal truth, Our claim to feed to be divinely free, To walk with Ganticipate the skies. To soar and to be them. They fived unyet few remembs

No marble tells us whither With their names

No bard embalms and sanctifies his song And history, so warm on meaner themes, Is cold on this She execrates indeed The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire, But gives the glorious sufferers little praise

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,

And all are slaves beside There's not a chain

That hellish foes, confederate for his harm, Can wind around him, but he casts it off With as much ease as Samson his green withes

He looks abroad into the varied field Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compared

With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,

Calls the delightful scenery all his own His are the mountains, and the valleys his,

And the resplendent rivers His to enjoy With a propriety that none can feel, But who, with filial confidence inspired, Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous

Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,

And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

Are they not his by a peculiar right And by an emphasis of interest his, Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind

With worthy thoughts of that unweared

That plann d, and built, and still upholds a world

So clothed with beauty for rebellious man? Yes—ye may fill your garners ye that reap The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good

In senseless riot but ye will not find, In feast or in the chase, in song or dance

A liberty like his who unimpeachd of usurpation and to man a wrong Appropriates nature as his Father's work and his a richer use of yours than you. He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth off no mean city plann d or eer the hills Were built, the fountains open d, or the

With all his rearing multitude of waves. His freedom is the same in every state And no condition of this changeful hie So manifold in cares, whose every day Brings its own evil with it makes it less

For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,

Nor penury, can cripple or confine

No nook so narrow but he spreads them there

With ease, and is at large The oppressor holds

His body bound, but knows not what a range

His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain, And that to bind him is a vain attempt,

Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste

His works Admitted once to His embrace, Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before,

Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,

Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought

Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,

And eyes intent upon the scanty herb It yields them, or, recumbent on its blow, Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away From inland regions to the distant main

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

Man views it and admires but rests content

With what he views. The landscape has his praise

But not its Author Unconcern d who form d

The paradise he sees, he finds it such And, such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.

Not so the mind that has been touch d from Heaven

And in the school of sacred wisdom taught To read His wonders in whose thought the world.

the world, Fair as it is, existed ere it was.

Not for its own sake merely but for His Much more who fashiond it he gives it praise

Praise that, from earth resulting as it ought

To earth a acknowledged sovereign finds

at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.

The soul that sees Him or receives

sublimed

New faculties, or learns at least to employ

More worthily the powers she own d before, Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze

Of ignorance till then she overlook d,

· THE TASK

A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Ferrestrial in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling
worlds

Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds

With those fair ministers of light to man, That fill the skics nightly with silent pomp,

Sweet conference Inquires what strains were they

With which Heaven rang, when every star, in haste

To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of
God

Shouted for joy -"Tell me, ye shining hosts,

That navigate a sea that knows no storms, Beneath a vault unsulfied with a cloud, If from your elevation, whence ye view Distinctly scenes invisible to man, And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet

Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a

Favour'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,

THE WINTER MORNING WALK

And hasting to a grave yet doom d to rise, And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?

As one who long detaind on foreign shores

Pants to return and when he sees afar His country's weather-bleach d and batter'd rocks

From the green wave emerging darts an eye

Radiant with joy towards the happy land So I with animated hopes behold

And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,

That show like beacons in the blue abyss Ordaind to guide the embodied spirit home

From todooms life to never-ending rest. Lore kindles as I gare. I feel desires That give assurance of their own success And that, infused from Heaven must thither tend."

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth

Illuminates Thy lamp mysterious Word! Which whose sees, no longer wanders lost.

With intellects bemazed in endless doubt, But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built.

With me ins that were not till by Thee employ'd,

Worlds that had never been hadst Thou in strength

Been less, or less benevolent than strong They are Thy witnesses, who speak Thy power

And goodness infinite, but speak in ears. That he is not, or receive not their report. In vain Thy creatures testify of Thee,

Till Thou proclaim Thyself Theirs is indeed

A teaching voice, but 't is the praise of Thine

That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,

And with the boon gives talents for its use

Till Thou art heard, imaginations vain Possess the heart, and fables false as hell, Yet, deem'd oracular, lure down to death The uninform'd and heedless souls of men

We give to Chance, blind Chance, ourselves as blind,

The glory of Thy work, which vet appears Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,

Challenging human scrutiny, and proved Then skilful most when most severely judged

THE WINTER WORNING WALK

But Chance is not or is not where Thou reign st.

Thy providence forbids that fickle power (If power she be that works but to confound)

To mix her wild vagaries with Thy laws. Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can instruction, and inventog to ourselves Gode such as guilt unless welcome, gode

Gods such as guilt makes welcome gods that sleep

Or disregard our follies or that sit Amused spectators of this bustling stage. Thee we reject, unable to abide Thy purity till pure as Thou art pure Made such by Thee, we love Thee for

that cause, For which we shunn'd and hated Thee before.

Then we are free. Then liberty like day Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven

Fires all the faculties with glorious joy A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not,

Till Thou hast touch d them 't is the voice of song

A loud Hosanna sent from all Thy works Which he that hears it with a shout repeals.

And adds his rapture to the general praise.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

THE ARGUMENT

Bells at distance-Their effect-A fee noon in winter-A abeliered walk - Meditation better than books - Our familiarity with the course of autum makes it somer less wonderful then it is. The transformation that some effects is shrubbery described... A release concernior the course of mature corrected—God meiotaks it by an marenisted act -The amourments fashionable at this hour of the day represed - Animals heppy delightful sight - Origin of eractly to ansmale .- That it is great crime proved from Scripture-That proof alluminated by rale-A free drawn between the lawful and enlawful destruction of them. Their good and useful proporties insisted on - Apology for the enconferm bestowed by the author wore spinsals-Instances of men entrangent praise of man-The growns of the creetion shall been an end-A view taken of the manuation of all things-An invocation and an invitation of Him who shall bring it to pass-The retired man wandscated from the charge of madessour-Conchaios.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased

With melting airs, or martial brisk or grave

Some chord in unison with what we hear is touch d within us, and the heart replies. How soft the music of those village bells Falling at intervals upon the ear

In cadence sweet now dying all away Now pealing loud again and louder still

Clear and sonorous, as the ga
With easy force it opens all the cells Where Memory slept Whethe cells heard A kindred melody, the scene And with it all its pleasures a recurs, Such comprehensive views thend its pains That in a few short moment spirit takes, (As in a map the voyager his I retrace The windings of my way ils course) irough many years Short as in retrospect the jo It seem'd not always short urney seems, , the rugged path. And prospect oft so dreary a Moved many a sigh at its nd forlorn, disheartening length Yet, feeling present evils, w Faintly impress the mind, ohile the past How readily we wish time s not at all, pent revoked, That we might try the round again, where once (Through inexperience, as we We miss'd that happiness w now perceive) 'e might have found! Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend. A father, whose authority, 1 When most severe, and muin show stering all its force,

THE WINTER WALK AT

Was but the graver countenance Whose favour like the clouds of might lower

might lower

And utter now and then an awfu But had a blessing in its darkest Threatening at once and nourisl plant.

We loved, but not enough the ger That rear'd us. At a thoughtless lured

By every gilded folly we renount His sheltering side and wilfully That converse which we now regret.

How gladly would the man recal The boys neglected sire! a mothe That softer friend, perhaps mon still

Might be demand them at the death

Sorrow has since they went, subd tamed

The playful humour he could now (Himself grown sober in the vale And feel a parents presence no r But not to understand a treasure Till time has stolen away the slight. Is cause of half the poverty we found that the property at all pray of the property at all pray of the property we have the property at all pray of the property we have the property at all pray of the property at all pray of the property and the property at all pray of the property at all

And, seeking grace to improve the prize they hold,

Would urge a wiser suit than asking more

The night was winter in his roughest mood,

The morning sharp and clear But now at noon

Upon the southern side of the slant hills, And where the woods fence off the northern blast,

The season smiles, resigning all its rage, And has the warmth of May The vault is blue

Without a cloud, and white without a speck

The dazzling splendour of the scene below Again the harmony comes o'er the vale, And through the trees I view the embattled tower

Whence all the music I again perceive The soothing influence of the wafted strains,

And settle in soft musings as I tread The walk, still verdant, under oaks and

e wark, sun verdant, under oaks a elms,

Whose outspread branches overarch the glade

The roof, though movable through all its length

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

As the wind sways it has yet well sufficed, And, intercepting in their silent fall

The frequent flakes has kept a path for me.

No noise is here, or none that hinders

thought.

The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half

suppress d
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray where er he rests he

shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of

ice, That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below Stillness, accompanied with sound so soft

Charms more than silence. Meditation here

May think down hours to moments. Here

May think down hours to moments. Here
the heart

May give a useful lesson to the head And Learning wiser grow without his books.

Knowledge and Wisdom far from being one,

Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
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Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass, The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,

Till smooth'd, and squared, and fitted to its place,

Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more Books are not seldom talismans and spells, By which the magic art of shrewder wits Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd Some to the fascination of a name

Surrender judgment hoodwink'd Some the style

Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds

Of error leads them, by a tune entranced While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear The insupportable fatigue of thought,

And swallowing therefore without pause or choice

The total grist unsifted, husks and all But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer, And sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs,

And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time

THE WINTER WALL AT NOON

Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,

Deceive no student Wisdom there and truth

Not shy as in the world and to be won By slow solicitation sears at once The roving thought and fix it on them selves.

What prodigies can power divine per form

More grand than it produces year by year And all in sight of inattentive man? Familiar with the effect we slight the cause

And in the constancy of nature's course. The regular return of genial months. And renovation of a faded world. See nought to wonder at Should God

again
As once in Gibeon interrupt the race
Of the undevating and punctual sun
How would the world admire! but speaks
it less

An agency divine to make him know His moment when to sink and when to use

Age after age than to arrest his course? All we behold is miracle but seen So duly all is miracle in vain. Where now the vital energy that moved



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THE WINTER WALL AT NOON

That the wind severs from the broken wave

The filec, various in array now white, Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set

With purple spikes pyramidal, as if Studious of ornament, yet unresolved Which hue she most approved, she chose them all

Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan.

But well compensating her sickly looks With never-cloying odours early and late Hypericum all bloom so thick a swarm Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods.

That scarce a loaf appears merereon too Though leafless, well attired and thick heart

With blushing wreaths investing every spray

Althea with the purple eye the broom Yellow and bright as bullion unalloy'd, Her blossoms and luxuriant above all The jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets.

The deep dark green of whose unvarnish d

Makes more conspicuous and illumines more

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some say that in the origin of things When all creation started into birth, The infant elements received a law From which they swerve not since that under force

Of that controlling ordinance they move, And need not His immediate hand, who first

Prescribed their course to regulate it now

Thus dream they and contrive to save a God The lacumbrance of His own concerns

The incumbrance of His own concerns and spare

The creek Actificat of all that moves

The great Artifeer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilisme and care
As too laborious and severe a task.
So man the moth is not afraid, it seems
To span Omnipotence, and measure might
That knows no measure, by the scanty
rule

And standard of his own that is to-day And is not ere to-morrows sun go down. But how should matter occupy a charge Dull as it is, and satisfy a law So vast in its demands unless impell d To ceaseless sorves by a ceaseless force,

And under pressure of some conscious cause?

The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,

Sustains and is the life of all that lives Nature is but a name for an effect.

Whose cause is God He feeds the secret fire

By which the mighty process is maintain'd,

Who sleeps not, is not weary, in whose sight

Slow-circling ages are as transient days, Whose work is without labour, whose designs

No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts, And whose beneficence no charge exhausts Him blind antiquity profaned, not served, With self-taught rites, and under various names,

Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan, And Flora, and Vertumnus, peopling earth With tutelary goddesses and gods That were not, and commending as they

would
To such some province graden field or

To each some province, garden, field, or grove

But all are under One One spirit, His Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,

THE WINTER BALK AT NOON

Rules universal nature. Not a flower But shows some touch in freckle streak, or stain

Of His unrivall d pencil. He inspires

Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,

And bathes their eyes with nectar and includes

In grains as countless as the seaside

The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.

Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds

Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower Or what he views of beautiful or grand In nature, from the broad majestic oak To the green blade that twinkles in the sun.

Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

His presence who made all so fair person ceived

Makes all still fairer As with Him no

Is dreary so with Him all seasons please. Though winter had been none, had man been true.

And earth be punish d for its tenant's sake Yet not in vengeance as this smilling sky

So soon succeeding such an angry night, And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream

Recovering fast its liquid music, prove Who then, that has a mind well strung and tuned

To contemplation, and within his reach A scene so friendly to his favourite task, Would waste attention at the chequer'd board,

His host of wooden warriors to and fro Marching and countermarching, with an eye

As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridged And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand Trembling, as if eternity were hung In balance on his conduct of a pin? Nor envies he aught more their idle sport, Who pant with application misapplied To trivial toys, and pushing ivory balls Across a velvet level, feel a joy. Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds Its destined goal of difficult access Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon

To miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop

Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks

The polish'd counter, and approving none,

Or promising with smiles to call again. Nor him who by his vanity seduced And soothed into a dream that he discerns The difference of a Guido from a daub Frequents the crowded auction station difference.

there
As duly as the Langford of the show
With glass at eye and catalogue in hand
And tongue accomplish d in the fulsome
cant

And pedantry that coxcombs learn with

Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls He notes it in his book, then raps his box, Swears it a bargain rails at his hard fate

That he has let it pass—but never bids.
Here unmolested, through whatever sign.
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist.
Nor freezing sky nor sultry checking me.
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
E'en in the spring and playtime of the year.

That calls the unwonted villager abroad With all her little ones, a sportive train To gather kingcups in the yellow mead And prink their hair with dalies, or to pick

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook

These shades are all my own The timorous hare,

Grown so familiar with her frequent guest, Scarce shuns me, and the stockdove unalarm'd

Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends His long love-ditty for my near approach Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm, That age or injury has hollow'd deep, Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,

He has outslept the winter, ventures forth To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun, The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird, 'Ascends the neighbouring beech, there whisks his brush,

And perks his ears, and stamps, and scolds aloud.

With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm, And anger insignificantly fierce

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit For human fellowship, as being void Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike To love and friendship both, that is not pleased

With sight of animals enjoying life, Nor feels their happiness augment his own The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade

When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,

And spirits buoyant with excess of giec The horse as wanton and almost as ficet, That ckims the spacious meadow at full speed

Then stops and snorts and, throwing high

Starts to the voluntary race again.
The very kine that gambol at high noon the total herd receiving first from one.
That leads the dance a summons to be gay.
Thought wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth.

Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent To give such act and utterance as they may

To ecstasy too big to be suppress d— These, and a thousand images of bliss, With which kind Nature graces every scene,

Where cruel man defeats not her design, Impart to the benevolent, who wish All that are expable of pleasure pleased A far superior happiness to theirs, The comfort of a reasonable loy

Man scarce had risen obedient to His call

Who form d ham from the dust, his future grave,

FINE TASK IN

When he was crown'd as never king was since

God set the diadem upon his head, And angel choirs attended Wondering stood

The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,

All happy, and all perfect in their kind, The creatures, summon'd from their various haunts

To see their sovereign, and confess his sway Vast was his empire, absolute his power, Or bounded only by a law, whose force 'T was his sublimest privilege to feel And own, the law of universal love He ruled with meekness, they obey'd with joy,

No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart, And no distrust of his intent in theirs So Eden was a scene of harmless sport, Where kindness on his part, who ruled the whole,

Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear
But sin marr'd all, and the revolt of man,
That source of evils not exhausted yet,
Was punish'd with revolt of his from him
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witness'd!
Every heart,

THE HINTER HALK IT NOON

Each animal of every name, conceived A jealousy and an instinctive fenr And conscious of some danger either fied Precipitate the loathed abode of man Or growl d defiance in such angry sort As taught him too to tremble in his turn. Thus harmony and family accord Were drays from Paradise, and in that

hour
The seeds of cruelty that since have swell'd
To such gigante and enormous growth
Were sown in human nature a fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain

Hence date the persecution and the pain That man inflicts on all inferior kinds Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport

To gratify the frenzy of his wrath Or his base gluttony are causes good And just in his account why bird and beast Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed

With blood of their inhabitants impaled Earth grouns beneath the burden of a war Waged with defenceless innocence, while he

Not satisfied to prey on all around Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs Needless, and first torments ere he devours. Now happiest they that occupy the scenes The most remote from his abhorr'd resort

Whom once, as delegate of God on earth, They fear'd, and as His perfect image loved

The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves, Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains, Unvisited by man. There they are free, And how and roar as likes them, uncontroll'd.

Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude Within the confines of their wild domain The lion tells him—"I am monarch here!" And, if he spares him, spares him on the terms

Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn

To rend a victim trembling at his foot In measure, as by force of instinct drawn, Or by necessity constrain'd, they live Dependent upon man, those in his fields, These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.

They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection Witness at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault,
Under dissection of the knotted scourge,
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and
yells

Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,

To madness while the savage at his heels Laughs at the frault sufferer's fury spent Upon the guildless passenger o erthrown. He too is witness, noblest of the train That wait on man the flight performing

horse With unsuspecting readmess he takes

His murderer on his back and push d all day With bleeding sides and flanks that heave

for life,

To the far distant goal arrives and dies.

So little mercy shows who needs so much!
Does law so jealous in the cause of man
Denounce no doom on the delinquent?

None. He lives, and o er his bramming beaker

boasts (As if barbanty were high desert)

The inglorious feat and clamorous in praise

Of the poor brute seems wisely to suppose The honours of his matchless horse his own.

But many a crime deem d innocent on earth

Is register'd in heaven and these no doubt

Have each their record with a curso annex d

(m 160) 521

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,

But God will never When he charged the Jew

To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise, And when the bush-exploring boy, that seized

The young, to let the parent bird go free, Proved He not plainly that His meaner works

Are yet His care, and have an interest all, All, in the universal Father's love? On Noah, and in him on all mankind,

The charter was conferr'd, by which we hold

The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on power of life and death
But read the instrument, and mark it well
The oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there Feed then,
and yield

Thanks for thy food Carmvorous, through sin,

Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!

The Governor of all, Himself to all So bountiful, in whose attentive ear The unfledged raven and the hon's whelp Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs Of hunger unassuaged, has interposed,

Not seldom His avenging arm to smile The injunous trumpler upon Nature's law That claims forbearance even for a brute He hates the hardness of a Balaams sheart And prophet as he was he might not strike The blameless animal without rebuke On which he rode Her opportune offence Saved him or the unrelenting seer had died.

He sees that human equity is slack To interfere though in so just a cause And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb

And helpless victims with a sense so keen Of injury with such knowledge of their strength

And such anguesty to take revenge That oft the beast has seemd to judge the man.

An ancient not a legendary tale

By one of sound intelligence rehearsed (if such who plend for Providence may seem

In modern eyes) shall make the doctrine

Where England stretch'd towards the setting sun

Narrow and long o erlooks the western wave.

Dwelt young Misagathus n scorner he

Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent, Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce He journey'd, and his chance was as he went

To join a traveller, of far different note, Evander, famed for piety, for years
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face too was familiar to his view
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base

Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high

The charity that warm'd his heart was moved

At sight of the man monster With a smile

Gentle, and affable, and full of grace, As fearful of offending whom he wish'd Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths

Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,

But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet

"And dost thou dream," the impenetrable man

Exclaim'd, "that me the lullabres of age,

And fantasies of dotards such as thou Can cheat or move a moments fear in mo?

Mark now the proof I give thee that the

Need no such aids as superstition lends

To steel their hearts against the dread of
death."

He spoke, and to the precipice at hand Push d with a madman's fury Fancy shrinks.

shrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles at the
thought

Of such a gulf as he design d his grave But though the felon on his back could

dare
The dreadful leap more rational, his steed
Declined the death and wheeling swiftly

round,
Or e er his hoof had press d the crumbling

or ser his hoot had press a the crumbling verge,

Baffled his inder saved against his will.

The frenzy of the brain may be redress d
By medicine well applied but without
grace

The hearts insanity admits no cure. Enraged the more by what might have reform d

His horrible Intent again he sought Destruction with a zeal to be destroy d

h sounding whip, and rowels dyed in blood

still in vain The Providence, that meant

onger date to the far nobler beast, red yet again the ignobler for his sake

I now, his prowess proved, and his sincere

urable obduracy evinced,

- rage grew cool, and pleased perhaps to have earn'd
- cheaply the renown of that attempt, th looks of some complacence he re-
- s road, deriding much the blank amaze good Evander, still where he was left c'd motionless, and petrified with dread on they fared Discourse on other themes
- isuing seem'd to obliterate the past,
- id tamer far for so much fury shown, s is the course of rash and fiery men,)
- ne rude companion smiled, as if transform'd
- at 't was a transient calm A storm was near,
- n unsuspected storm His hour was come
- he impious challenger of power divine '

Was now to learn that Heaven though

Is never with impunity defied.

His horse, as he had caught his master's mood

Snorting and starting into sudden rage, Unbidden and not now to be controll d Rush d to the cliff and having reach d it, stord.

At once the shock unseated him he flew Sheer o'er the energy barrier and im

Deep in the flood found when he sought

The death he had deserved and died alone.

So God wrought double justice made the fool

The victim of his own tremendous choice, And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

I would not enter on my list of friends (Though graced with polish d manners and fine sense

let wanting semibility) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm An inadvertent step may crush the small That cruwls at ovening in the public path But he that has humanity forewarn d Will tread saide and let the reptile live.

The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,

And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,

A visitor unwelcome, into scenes Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove, The chamber, or refectory, may die

A necessary act incurs no blame

Not so when, held within their proper bounds,

And guiltless of offence, they range the air,

Or take their pastime in the spacious field There they are privileged, and he that hunts

Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong, Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm, Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode

The sum is this If man's convenience, health,

Or safety interfere, his rights and claims Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs

Else they are all—the meanest things that are,

As free to live, and to enjoy that life, As God was free to form them at the first, Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all

Ye, therefore who love mercy teach your sons

To love it too. The spring-time of our years

Is soon dishonourd and defiled in most By budding ills that ask a prudent hand To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots

If unrestrained into luxuriant growth Than cruelty most devalish of them all. Mercy to him that show it is the rule And righteous limitation of its act, By which Heaven moves in pardoning

guilty man.
And he that shows none being ripe in

years
And conscious of the outrage he commits

Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.
Distinguish d much by reason and still
more

By our capacity of grace divine From creatures that exist but for our sake, Which having served us perish we are held

Accountable and God, some future day Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust. Superior as we are they yet depend.

Not more on human help than we on theirs

- THE TASK

Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were given

In aid of our defects In some are found Such teachable and apprehensive parts, That man's attainments in his own concerns.

Match'd with the expertness of the brutes in theirs.

Are ofttinies vanquish'd and thrown far behind

Some show that nice sagacity of smell, And read with such discernment, in the port

And figure of the man, his secret aim, That oft we owe our safety to a skill We could not teach, and must despair to learn

But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop

To quadruped instructors, many a good And useful quality, and virtue too, Rarely exemplified among ourselves—Attachment never to be wean'd or changed By any change of fortune, proof alike Against unkindness, absence, and neglect, Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat Can move or warp, and gratitude for small

And trivial favours, lasting as the life, And glistening even in the dying eye

Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms. Wins public honour and ten thousand sit

Patiently present at a sacred song Commemoration-mad content to hear (O wonderful effect of musics power!) Messiah a culogy for Handel a sake. But less methinks than sacrilege might

(For was it less? What heathen would have dared

To strip Jove s statue of his caken wreath, And hang it up in honour of a man?) Much less might serve, when all that we design

Is but to gratify an itching ear And give the day to a musician's praise. Remember Handel? Who, that was not horn

Deaf as the dead to harmony forgets Or can the more than Homer of his age? Yes-we remember him and while we praise

A talent so divine remember too That His most hely Book, from whom it came

Was never meant was never used before To buckram out the memory of a man. But hush!-the muse perhaps is too severe And, with a gravity beyond the size 331

And measure of the offence, rebukes a deed

Less impious than absurd, and owing more

To want of judgment than to wrong design

So in the chapel of old Ely House,

When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,

Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,

The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce, And eke did rear right merrily, two staves, Sung to the praise and glory of King George!

-Man praises nian, and Garrick's memory next,

When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made

The idol of our worship while he lived
The god of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar, and the world shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine
The theatre, too small, shall suffocate
Its squeezed contents, and more than it
admits

Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return Ungratified for there some noble lord Shall stuff his shoulders with King Richard's hunch,

Or wrap himself in Hamlet's mky cloak, And strut, and storm and straddle, stamp and stare

To show the world how Garrick did not

For Garrick was a worshipper himself He drew the liturgy and framed the rites And solemn ceremonial of the day And calld the world to worship on the

banks
Of Avon famed in song Ah pleasant
proof

That piety has still in human hearts Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct. The mulberry-tree was hung with bloom-

ing wreaths
The mulberry tree stood centre of the

The mulberry tree was hymn d with dulcet aus

And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree

Supplied such relics as devotion holds Still sacred and preserves with prous care. So 'twas a hallow'd time decorum reign d And murth without offence. No few returnd.

Doubtless much edified, and all refresh d.

— Man praises man. The rabble all alive

From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,

Swarm in the streets The statesman of the day,

A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes

Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,

Gaze in his eyes, and bless him Maidens wave

Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy,

While others, not so satisfied, unhorse The gilded equipage, and turning loose His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve

Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he saved the state?

No Doth he purpose its salvation? No Enchanting novelty, that moon at full, That finds out every crevice of the head That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs

Wrought this disturbance But the wane is near,

And his own cattle must suffice him

Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise, And dedicate a tribute, in its use And just direction sacred, to a thing

Doom d to the dust or lodged already there

Encomium in old time was poets' work But poets, having lavishly long since Exhausted all materials of the art The task now falls into the public han

The task now falls into the public hand And I contented with an humble theme Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down The valo of Nature where it creeps and winds

Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course reflecting clear
If not the virtues, yet the worth of brutes.
And I am recompensed, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and woe
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge

The groans of Nature in this nether world

Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.

Foretold by prophets and by poets sung Whose fire was kindled at the prophets lamp

The time of rest, the promised subbath comes.

Six thousand years of sorrow have wellnigh

Fulfilld their tardy and disastrous course Over a sinful world and what remains

Of this tempestuous state of human things Is merely as the working of a sea Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds

The dust that waits upon His sultry march, When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot.

Shall visit earth in mercy, shall descend Propitious in His chariot paved with love, And what His storms have blasted and defaced

For man's revolt, shall with a smile re-

Sweet is the harp of prophecy, too sweet Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch Nor can the wonders it records be sung To meaner music, and not suffer loss But when a poet, or when one like me, Happy to rove among poetic flowers, Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last

On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,

Such is the impulse and the spur he feels, To give it praise proportion'd to its worth, That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems

The labour, were a task more arduous

Oh scenes surpassing fable and yet true Scenes of accomplished blass! which who

Though but in distant prospect and not

His soul refreshed with foretaste of the

Rivers of gladness water all the earth And clothe all climes with beauty the reproach

Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field Laughs with abundance and the land, once lean

Or fertile only in its own di grace, Exulis to see its thistly curse repeal d. The various seasons woren into one And that one season an eternal spring The garden feels no blight and needs no fence.

For there is none to covet all are full The lion, and the libbard and the bear Graze with the fearless flocks all bask of

And smiles to see her infant's playful hand
(3 160)
27
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Together or all gambol in the shade Of the same grove and drink one common stream.

Antipathies are none. No fee in man Lurks in the serpent now the mother sees.

Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,

To stroke his azure neck, or to receive The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue All creatures worship man, and all mankind

One Lord, one Father Error has no place,

That creeping pestilence is driven away,
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In
the heart

No passion touches a discordant string, But all is harmony and love Disease Is not the pure and uncontaminate blood Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age

One song employs all nations, and all cry, "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!"

The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks Shout to each other, and the mountain tops

From distant mountains catch the flying joy,

Till, nation after nation taught the strain, Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round Behold the measure of the promise fill'd, See Salem built, the labour of a God! Bright as a sun, the sacred city shines, All kingdoms and all princes of the earth

Flock to that light the glory of all lands Flows into her unbounded is her joy And endless her incresse. Thy rams are there.

Nebaloth and the flecks of Kedar there The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind, And Sabas spley groves pay tribute there. Praise is in all her gates upon her walls, And in her streets, and in her spacious courts.

Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there Kneels with the native of the farthest

west

And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand And worships. Her report has travelld forth

Into all lands. From every clime they

To see thy beauty and to share thy joy O Sion! an assembly such as earth Saw never such as Heaven stoops down

to see.

Thus heavenward all things tend. For

Perfect and all must be at length restored. So God has greatly purposed who would else

In His dathonour'd works Himself endure Dishonour and be wrong'd without redress.

THE TISK

Histo, then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,

To slow-revolving seasons? we would see (A uplit to which our eyes are transfers

A world that does not dread and hate He law

And suffer for its crime would bein how

The creature is that God pronounce, pool, flow pleasant in itself what please. If in Here every drop of honey hides a string. Worms wind themselves into our swe teaflowers.

And e'en the joy that haply some poor heart

Derives from Heisen, pure is the tountion is,

Is sulfied in the stream, taking a tunt From touch of hum in lips, at best impure Oh for a world in principle as chaste As this is gross and selfish! over which Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway, That govern all things here, shouldering aside

The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her

Fo seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife In nooks obscure, for from the ways of men

Where Violence shall never lift the sword Nor Cunning justify the proud man s wrong

Leaving the poor no remedy but tears.
Where he that fills an office shall esteem.
The occasion it presents of doing good.
More than the perquisite: where Law shall speak.

Seldom and never but as Wisdom prompts And Equity not jealous more to guard A worthless form, than to decide aright— Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)

With lean performance apo the work of

Come then and added to Thy many

Receive yet one the crown of all the earth, Thou who alone art worthy! It was Thine By ancient covenant ere Nature's birth And Thou has made it Thine by purchase since

And overpaid its value with Thy blood.

Thy saints proclaim Thee king and in their hearts

Thy title is engraven with a pen Dipp d in the fountain of eternal love Thy saints proclaim Thee king and Thy delay Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see

The dawn of Thy last advent, long desired, Would creep into the bowels of the hills, And flee for safety to the falling rocks. The very spirit of the world is tired. Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,

"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"

The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts that have
recoil'd,

And aims them at the shield of Truth again

The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands, That hides divinity from mortal eyes, And all the mysterics to faith proposed, Insulted and traduced, are cast aside, As useless, to the moles and to the bats They now are deem'd the faithful, and are praised.

Who, constant only in rejecting Thee,
Deny Thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet e'en
these

Worthy, compared with sycophants, who knee

Thy name adoring and then preach Thee man!

So fares Thy Church. But how Thy Church may fare

The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,

And what they will. All pastors are alike To wandering sheep resolved to follow none.

Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain

For these they live, they sacrifice to these And in their service wage perpetual war With Conscience and with Thee. Lust in their hearts

And mischief in their hands they roam the earth

To prey upon each other stubborn, fierce, High-minded feaming out their own disgrace

Thy prophets speak of such and, noting down

The features of the last degenerate times Exhibit every lineament of these.

Come then, and added to Thy many crowns,

Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest, Due to thy last and most effectual work, Thy word fulfilld, the conquest of a world!

- He is the happy man whose life e'en now
- Shows somewhat of that happier life to come,
- Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
- Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
- Would make his fate his choice, whom pence, the fruit
- Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith, Prepare for happiness, bespeak him one Content indeed to sojourn while he must Below the skies, but having there his home.
- The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
- Of objects, more illustrious in her view, And, occupied as earnestly as she,
- Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world
- She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not,
- He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain
- He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
- Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems Her honours, her emoluments, her joys Therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,

Whose power is such that whom she lifts from earth

She makes familiar with a heaven unseen And shows him glories yet to be reveal d. Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd

And censured oft as uscless. Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows and the bird That flutters less is longest on the wing Ask him indeed what trophles he has raised,

Or what achievements of immortal fame He purposes, and he shall answer—None. His werfare is within. There unfatigued His fervent spirit labours. There he fights, And there obtains fresh triumphs oer himself.

And never-withering wreaths, compared with which

The laurels that a Cesar reaps are weeds. Perhaps the self-approving haughty world. That as ahe sweeps him with her whistiling silks.

Scarce deigns to notice him or if she see Deems him a cipher in the works of God Receives advantage from his noiseless hours.

Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes

Her sunshine and her run, her blooming spring

And plentious harvest, to the prayer he makes.

When, Isaac-like, the solitary sunt Walks forth to meditate at eventide,

And think on her, who thinks not for

herself

Forgive him, then thou bustler in concerns Of little worth, an idler at the best, If, author of no mischief and some good,

He seeks his proper happiness by means That may advance, but cannot hinder,

thine

Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,

Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease, Account him an encumbrance on the state, Receiving benefits, and rendering none

His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere

Shine with his fair example, and though small

His influence, if that influence all be spent In soothing sorrow and in quenching

strife. In aiding helpless indigence, in works From which at least a grateful few derive Some taste of comfort in a world of woe, Then let the supercilious great confess

346

He serves his country recompenses well The state, beneath the shadow of whose

wne

He sits secure, and so the scale of life Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place! The man, whose vurtues are more felt than seen.

Must drop indeed the hope of public praise

But he may boast, what few that win it can That, if his country stand not by his skill At least his follies have not wrought her fall.

Polite Refinement offers him in vain Her golden tube through which a sensual world

Draws gross impurity and likes it well The next conveyance hiding all the offence. Not that he poevishly rejects a mode Because that world adopts at. If it bear The stamp and clear impression of good 201150

And he not costly more than of true worth, He puts it on and for decorum sake,

Can wear it e on as pracefully as she. She judges of refinement by the eye, He by the test of conscience, and a heart Not soon deceived aware that what is base

Let fall the unfinished wreath and roved for fruit

Roved far and gather'd much some harsh 't is true,

Picked from the thorns and briers of reproof

But wholesome, well digested grateful some

To palates that can taste unmortal truth Insipid clss, and sure to be despised. But all is in His hand, whose praise I

In vain the Poet sings, and the World hears.

If He regard not, though divine the theme.

Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle baking of a minstrels lyre
To charm His ear whose eye is on the

heart Whose frown can disappoint the proudest

strain Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

11.4

Pairing Time Anticipated

A FABLE

If birds confabulate or no. 'T is clear, that they were always able " To hold discourse, at least in fable, And e'en the child who knows no better Than to interpret, by the letter, A story of a cock and bull, Must have a most uncommon skull It chanced then on a winter's day, But warm, and bright, and calm as May, The birds, conceiving a design To forestall sweet St Valentine. In many an orchard, copse, and grove, Assembled on affairs of love, And with much twitter and much chatter Began to agitate the matter At length a bullfinch, who could boast More years and wisdom than the most, Entreated, opening wide his beak, A moment's liberty to speak,

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED

Deliver d briefly thus his mind My friends 1 be cautious how ye treat. The subject upon which we meet; 1 fear we shall have winter yet." A Finch whose tongue knew no control. With golden wing and satin poll.

And silence publicly enjoin d

A Finen whose tongue knew no control
With golden wing and satin poll
A last year's bird who ne er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied
Methinks the gentleman" quoth she

Methinks the gentleman " quoth she Opposite in the apple tree By his good will would keep us single Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle Or (which is likelier to befall)

Till death exterminate us all I marry without more ado

My dear Dick Redeap what say you?"
Dick heard and tweedling ogling brid
ling

Turning short round strutting and side

Attested, glad his approbation Of an immediate conjugation.

Their sentiments so well express d Influenced mightily the rest All pair'd and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste The leaves came on not quite so fast

And destiny that sometimes bears An aspect stern on man's affairs,

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED

Not altogether smiled on theirs
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north,
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were
addled,

Soon every father bird and mother Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other, Parted without the least regret, Except that they had ever met, And learn'd in future to be wiser, Than to neglect a good adviser.

Moral

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry

The Modern

Rebellion is my theme all day I only wish twould come (As who knows but perhaps it may?) A little nearer home.

You rearing boys who rave and fight On t other side the Atlantic, I always held them in the right But most so when most franke.

When lawless mobs insult the court That man shall be my toast If breaking windows be the sport Who bravely breaks the most.

But oh! for him my fancy culls
The choicest flowers she bears,
Who constitutionally pulls
Your house about your ears.
(8160) 333 2A

THE MODERN PATRIOT

Such civil broils are my delight,
Though some folks can't endure them,
Who say the mob are mad outright,
And that a rope must cure them

A rope! I wish we patriots had Such strings for all who need 'em— What! hang a man for going mad! Then farewell British freedom Mrs. ontagu s ather

ather ingings

e birds put off their every hue dress a room for Vontagu.

The peacock sends his heavenly dyes is rainbown and his starry eyes e pheasant plumes which round infold is mantling neck with downy gold e cock his archd tad a arure show d, river-blanchd the swan his snow tribes beside of Indian name, at glossy shine or vivid flame, at glossy shine or vivid flame, there rises and where sets the day hate er they boast of rich and gay attribute to the correction of an extensive the control of the correction of the correcti

e cock his arch d tail a anure show d, river-blanch d the swan his enow tribes beside of Indian name, at glossy shine or vivid flame, here rises and where sets the day hate er they boast of rich and gay attribute to the gorgeous plan oud to advance it all they can as plumage neither dashing shower w blasts that shake the dripping bower all drench again or discompose it screen d from every storm that blows boasts a splendour ever new

ON MRS MONTAGU'S

To the same patroness resort,
Secure of favour at her court,
Strong Genius, from whose forge of
thought

Forms rise, to quick perfection wrought, Which, though new-born, with vigour move,

Like Pallas springing arm'd from Jove-Imagination scattering round Wild roses over furrow'd ground, Which Labour of his frown beguile, And teach Philosophy a smile— Wit flashing on Religion's side, Whose fires, to sacred Truth applied, The gem, though luminous before, Obtrude on human notice more. Like sunbeams on the golden height Of some tall temple playing bright -Well tutor'd Learning, from his books Dismiss'd with grave, not haughty, looks, Their order on his shelves exact. Not more harmonious or compact Than that to which he keeps confined The various treasures of his mind-All these to Montagu's repair, Ambitious of a shelter there There Genius, Learning, Fancy, Wit, Their ruffled plumage calm refit, (For stormy troubles loudest roar Around their flight who highest soar,)

FEATHER HANGINGS

And in her eye and by her aid
Shine safe without a fear to fade.
She thus manutains divided sway
With yon bright regent of the day
The Plume and Poet both we know
Their lustre to his influence owe
And she the works of Phoebis aiding
Both Poet saves and Plume from fading

The Dog and the Water Lily

The noon was shady, and soft airs Swept Ouse's silent tide, When, 'scaped from literary cares, I wander'd on his side

My spaniel, prettiest of his race, And high in pedigree, (Two nymphs adorn'd with every grace That spaniel found for me,)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds, Now starting into sight, Pursued the swallow o'er the meads With scarce a slower flight

It was the time when Ouse display'd His lilies newly blown, Their beauties I intent survey'd, And one I wish'd my own

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land,
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand

DOG AND WATER LILY

Beau mark d my unsuccessful pains
With fix d considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong Dispersing all his dream I thence withdrew and follow d long The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended I return d

Beau trotting far before

The floating wreath again discern d

And plugging left the shore

I saw him with that Bly cropp d Impatient swim to meet My quick approach and soon he dropp d The treasure at my feet.

Charm d with the sight The world" I cried Shall hear of this thy deed My dog shall mortify the pride Of man's superior breed

But chief myself I will enjoin Awake at duty s call To show a love as prompt as thine To Him who gives me all "

On a Spaniel, called Beau, Killing a Young Bird

A spaniel, Beau, that fares like you, Well fed, and at his ease, Should wiser be than to pursue Each trifle that he sees

But you have kill'd the tiny bird, Which flew not till to-day, Against my orders, whom you heard Forbidding you the prev

Nor did you kill that you might eat And ease a doggish pain, For him, though chased with furious heat, You left where he was slain

Nor was he of the thievish sort, Or one whom blood allures, But innocent was all his sport Whom you have torn for yours 360

ON A SPANIEL CALLED BEAU

My dog! what remedy remains, Since teach you all I can I see you after all my pains, So much resemble man?

Beau's Reply

Sir, when I flew to seize the bird In spite of your command, A louder voice than yours I heard, And harder to withstand

You cried—Forbear!—but in my breast A mightier cried—Proceed!—
'T was nature, Sir, whose strong behest Impell'd ine to the deed

1

a

Yet, much as nature I respect, I ventured once to break (As you perhaps may recollect) Her precept for your sake,

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison-door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
And panting press'd the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing, Not destin'd to my tooth,

BEAUS REPLI

I only kiss d his ruffled wing And lick d the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse My disobedience now Nor some reproof yourself refuse From your aggreed bow wow

If killing birds be such a crime (Which I can hardly see) What think you Sir of killing time With verse address d to me!

Epitaph on a Hare

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue, Nor swifter greyhound follow, Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew, Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo,

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind, Who, nursed with tender care, And to domestic bounds confined, Was still a wild Jack hare

Though duly from my hand he took His pittance every night, He did it with a jealous look, And, when he could, would bite

His diet was of wheaten bread, And milk, and oats, and straw, Thistles, or lettuces instead, With sand to scour his maw

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled, On pippins' russet peel,

RPITAPH ON A HARE

And when his juncy sulads fail d Silced carrot pleased him well

A Turkey carpet was his lawn Whereon he loved to bound To skip and gambol like a fawn And swiog his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours
For then he lost his fear
But most before approaching showers
Or when a storm drew near

Eight years and five round rolling moons He thus saw steal away Dozing out all his idle noons And every night at play

I kept him for his humour's sake For he would oft beguile My heart of thoughts that made it ache, And force me to a smile

But now beneath this walnut shade

He finds his long last home

And waits in snug concealment laid

Till gentler Puss shall come.

EPITAPH ON A HARE

He, still more aged, feels the shocks, From which no care can save, And, partner once of Tiney's box, Must soon partake his grave

The Diverting History of John Gilpin

SHOWING HOW HE WENT ARTHER THAN HE INTERDED, NO CAME SAFE HOME AGAI

John Glipin was a citizen
Of credit and renown
A trainband crutain eke w

A trainband captain eke was he Of famous London town

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear Though wedded we have been These twice ten tedious years, yet we No holiday have seen.

D

To-morrow is our wedding-day And we will then repelr Unto the Bell at Edmonton All in a chaise and pair

My sister and my sisters child Myself and children three

Will fill the chaise, so you must ride On horseback after we"

He soon replied, "I do admire Of womankind but one, And you are she, my dearest dear, Therefore it shall be done

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go"

Quoth Mrs Gilpin, "That's well said, And for that wine is dear, We will be furnish'd with our own, Which is both bright and clear"

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife, O'erjoyed was he to find, That, though on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud

So three doors off the chaise was stay d Where they did all get in Six preclous souls, and all ageg To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip round went the wheels

Were never folk so glad The stones did rattle underneath As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse a side Seized fast the flowing mane And up he got in haste to ride, But soon came down again

For saddletree scarce reach d had he, His journey to begin When turning round his head, he saw

When turning round his head, he say Three customers come in

So down he came; for loss of thre-Although it grieved him sore Yet loss of pence full well he knew Would trouble him much more.

Twas long before the customers

Were suited to their mind

When Betty screaming came downstairs

The wine is left behind!*

(**160*) **60* **0* **B

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise"

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)

Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she loved,

And keep it safe and sound

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true

Then over all, that he might be Equipp'd from top to toe, His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat, He manfully did throw

Now see him mounted once again Upon his ninible steed, Full slowly pacing o'er the stones, With caution and good heed

But finding soon a smoother road Beneath his well-shod feet, The snorting beast began to trot, Which galled him in his seat

So Fair and softly "John he cried, But John he cried in vain That trot became a gallop soon In spite of curb and rein

So stooping down, as needs he must Who cannot sit upright

He grasp d the mane with both his hands And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort Had handled been before, What thing upon his back had got Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin neck or nought; Away went hat and wig He little dreamt when he set out, Of running such a rig

The wind did blow the clock did fly Like streamer long and gay Till loop and button failing both At last it flew away

Then might all people well discern The bottles he had slung A bottle swinging at each side, As hath been said or sung

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd, Up flew the windows all, And every soul cried out, "Well done!" As loud as he could bawl

Away went Gilpin—who but he?

His fame soon spread around,

"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"

"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near, 'T was wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down His reeking head full low, The bottles twain behind his back Were shatter'd at a blow

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been

But still he seem'd to carry weight, With leathern girdle braced, For all might see the bottle necks Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islangton
These gambols he did play
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay

And there he threw the Wash about On both sides of the way Just like unto a trundling mop Or a wild goose at play

At Edmonton his loving wife From the balcony spied Her tender husband wondering much To see how he did nde.

Stop stop John Gilpin!—Here s the house!" They all at once did cry The dinner walts and we are tired " Said Gilpin— So am II"

But yet his horse was not a whit Inclined to tarry there For why?—his owner had a house Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song

Away went Gilpin out of breath, And sore against his will, Till at his friend the calender's His horse at last stood still

The calender, amazed to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate

And thus accosted him

"What news? what news? your tidings tell,

Tell me you must and shall— say why bareheaded you are come, Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke!
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke

"I came because your horse would come, And, if I well forbode, My hat and wig will soon be here, They are upon the road"

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in,

Whence straight he came with hat and wig A wig that flow d behind,

A hat not much the worse for wear Each comely in its kind.

He held them up and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit
My head is twice as big as yours
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrupe the dirt away That hangs upon your face; And stop and cat, for well you may Be in a hungry case."

Sard John It is my wedding-day And all the world would stare, If wife should dine at Edmonton And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said I am in haste to dine Twas for your pleasure you came here You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!

For which he paid full dear
For while he spake a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he Had heard a hon roar, And galloped off with all his might, As he had done before

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw Her husband posting down Into the country far away, She pull'd out half a crown,

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well"

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back amain, Whom in a trice he tried to stop, By catching at his rein,

But, not performing what he meant, And gladly would have done, The frighted steed he frighted more, And made him faster run

Away went Glipin and away Went postboy at his heels The postboy's horse right glad to miss The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly
With postboy scampering in the rear
They raised the hue and cry —

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the nursuit.

And now the turopike gates again Flew open in short space; The toil-men thinking as before That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did and won it too,

For he got first to town

Nor stopp d till where he had got up

He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King And Gilpin long live he; And when he next doth ride abroad, May I be there to see!

A Tale

FOUNDED ON FACT

In Scotland's realm, where trees are few,
Nor even shrubs abound,
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found,

For husband there and wife may boast
Their union undefiled,
And false ones are as rare almost
As hedgerows in the wild—

In Scotland's realm forlorn and bare
The history chanced of late—
The history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate

The spring drew near, each felt a breast With genial instinct fill'd,

They pair'd, and would have built a nest,
But found not where to build

A TALE

The heaths uncovered and the moors

Except with snow and sleet

Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores

Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought, Till both grew vex d and tired At length a ship arriving brought The good so long desired

A ship?—could such a restless thing Afford them place of rest? Or was the merchant charged to bring The homeless birds a pest?

Hush—silent hearers profit most— This racer of the sea Proved kinder to them than the coast It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! 't was shaven deal The tree they call a mast And had a hollow with a wheel Through which the tackle pass d.

Within that cavity sloft
Their roofless home they fix d
Form d with materials neat and soft
Bents wool and feathers mix d.,

A TALL

Four eggs soon pave its floor
With russet specks bedight—
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had changed her kind,
But goes the male? Far wiser, he
Is doubtless left behind

No—soon as from ashore he saw The winged mansion move, He flew to reach it, by a law Of never-failing love,

Then perching at his consort's side, Was briskly borne along, The billows and the blast defied, And cheer'd her with a song

The seaman with sincere delight His feather'd shipmates eyes, Scarce less exulting in the sight Than when he tows a prize

For seamen much believe in signs,
And from a chance so new
Each some approaching good divines,
And may his hopes be true!

A TALE

Hail honour'd land! a desert where Not even birds can hide, Yet parent of this loving pair Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who rather than resign Your matrimonial plan Were not afraid to plough the brine In company with man

For whose lean country much disdain We English often show

Yet from a richer nothing gain But wantenness and wee—

Be it your fortune, year by year The same resource to prove, And may ye, sometimes landing here, Instruct us how to love!

The Poet, the Oyster, and the Assensitive Plant

An Oyster, cast upon the shore, Was heard, though never heard before, Complaining in a speech well worded, And worthy thus to be recorded -"Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell For ever in my native shell, Ordain'd to move when others please, Not for my own content or ease, But toss'd and buffeted about, Now in the water and now out 'T were better to be born a stone, Of ruder shape, and feeling none, Than with a tenderness like mine, And sensibilities so fine! I envy that unfeeling shrub, Fast rooted against every rub" The plant he meant grew not far off, And felt the sneer with scorn enough Was hurt, disgusted, mortified, And with asperity replied

VENO CONTENTUS

When cry the hotanists and tare Did plants calld sensitive grow there? No matter when—a poet's muse is To make them grow just where she choises.

You shapeless nothing in a dish
You that are but almost a fish

I scorn your coarse insinuation, And have most plentiful occasion To wish myself the rock I view Or such another dolt as you: For many a grave and learned clerk And many a gay unletter d spark With curious touch examines me If I can feel as well as he And when I bend retire and shrink Says-Well his more than one would thinkt Thus life is spent (Oh fie upon 't) In being touch d and crying-Don't!" A poet in his evening walk Oerheard and checked this idle talk. And your fine sense "he said and yours, Whatever evil it enduces D erves not if so soon offended Much to be pitled or commended. Disputes, though short are far too long

Where both al ke are in the wrong your feelings in their full amount Are all upon your own account.

NEMO CONTENTUS

"You, in your grotto-work enclosed, Complain of being thus exposed, Yet nothing feel in that rough coat Save when the knife is at your throat, Wherever driven by wind or tide, Exempt from every ill beside

"And as for you, my Lady Squeamish, Who reckon every touch a blemish, If all the plants, that can be found Embellishing the scene around, Should droop and wither where they grow, You would not feel at all—not you The noblest minds their virtue prove By pity, sympathy, and love These, these are feelings truly fine, And prove their owner half-divine"

His censure reach'd them as he'dealt it, And each by shrinking show'd he felt it

The Needless

4 748

There is a field through which I often pass Thick overspread with moss and silky

2

grass
Adjoining close to Kliwick a echoing wood
Where oft the batch for hides her hapless

brood

Reserved to solace many a neighbouring

squire
That he may follow them through brake
and buer

not over the continuous properties of neck or spine Which rural gentlemen call sport divine A narrow brook is ru by banks conceal d

A narrow brook is ru he hanks conceal of Runs In a bottom and divides the field Oaks intersperse it that had once a head But now near crists of oven-wood instead and where the land slopes to its watery fourn

Wide yawns a pull beside a ragged thorn
(2 ito) 355 2C

Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,

And horrid brambles intertwine below,

A hollow scooped, I judge, in ancient time, For baking earth, or burning rock to lime

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red.

With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is

Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from every spray,

With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away,

But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack,

Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,

With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats

With a whole gamut fill'd of heavenly notes,

For which, alas! my destiny severe,

Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear

The sun, accomplishing his early march, His lamp now planted on heaven's topmost arch,

When, exercise and air my only aim, And heedless whither, to that field I came, Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound

Told hill and dale that Reymard's truck was found

Or with the high-rai ed horn's melodious clans

All kilkick and all Dinplederry rang.
Sheep grazed the feld some with soft

bosom press d. The herb as soft while mibbling stray d.

th rest Nor not was hard but of the hasty

trock Struggling detained in many a petty nook.

All seemd so peaceful that from them convey d

To me their peace by kind contagion

To me their peace by kind contagion speed

Put when the huntsman with distended check 'Can make his instrum nt of music speak.

And from within the wood that crash was heard

Though not a bound from shom it burst appear d

The sheep recumbent and the sheep that

All huldling into phalanx stood and gazed

Admiring terrified the no. 1 train

Then coursed the field around and coursed it round as ain

But recollecting, with a sudden thought, That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,

They gathered close around the old pit's brink,

And thought again—but knew not what

The man to solitude accustom'd long, Perceives in everything that hives a tongue, Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees Have speech for him, and understood with ease,

After long drought, when rains abundant fall,

He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all,

Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,

How glad they catch the largess of the skies,

But, with precision nicer still, the mind He scans of every locomotive kind,

Birds of all feather, beasts of every name, That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame.

The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears

Have all articulation in his ears, He spells them true by intuition's light, And needs no glossary to set him right

THE NEEDLESS ALAKY

This truth premised was needful as a

To win due credence to what follows next Awhile they mused surveying every face

Thou hadst supposed them of superior race

Their peritups of wood and fears combined

Stamp d on each countenance such marks of nund

That saye they seemd as lawyers over a doubt

Which puzzling long at last they puzzle

Or acad mic tutors teaching youths Sure near to want them mathematic truths

When thus a mutton statcher than the

A ram the ewes and wethers sad address d

In odd we have lived too long I never hand

Sounds such as these so worthy to be fard,

Could I believe that winds for njew pent in earth's dark womb have found at last

And from their prion house below ar se

With all these hideous howlings to the skies,

I could be much composed, nor should appear,

For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders roll'd

All night, me resting quiet in the fold Or heard we that tremendous bray alone, I could expound the melancholy tone,

Should deem it by our old companion made,

The ass, for he, we know, has lately stray'd,

And, being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide,

Might be supposed to clamour for a guide But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,

That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear?

Demons produce them doubtless, brazenclaw'd

And fang'd with brass the demons are abroad,

I hold it therefore wisest and most fit

That, life to save, we leap into the pit "
Him answer'd then his loving mate and
true.

But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe

How leap into the pit our life to save? To save our life leap all into the grave? For can we find it less? Contemplate first The depth how awfull falling there, we have

Or should the brambles interposed, our fall In part abate, that happiness were small For with a race like theirs no chance I see Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we. Meantime noise kulls not. Be it Dapples

bray

Or be it not or be it whose it may And rush those other sounds that seem by tongues

Of demons utter d, from whatever lungs Sounds are but sounds, and, till the cause

appear
We have at least commodious standing
here.

Come fiend, come tury guant monster

From earth or hell we can but plunge at last.

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,

For Reynard close attended at his heels By panting dog tired man and spatter'd horse

Through mere good fortune took a differ ent course.

The flock grew calm again, and I, the road

Following, that led me to my own abode, Much wonder'd that the silly slicep had found

Such cause of terror in an empty sound, So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound

Moral

Beware of desperate steps The darkest day,

Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away

